

# FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF  
BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

**A "LIVE" BOY,**  
**OR, QUICK TO GET THE DOLLARS.** *(A STORY OF WALL STREET)*  
*By A SELF-MADE MAN.*

**AND OTHER STORIES**



As one of the rascals seized Will and held him off, the other reached for the boy's bag. At that moment Tom appeared at the door. Taking in the situation at a glance, he dashed forward and knocked the man over.



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Issued Weekly—Subscription price, \$4.00 per year Canadian, \$4.50; Foreign, \$5.00. Copyright, 1928, by Westbury Publishing Co., Inc., 140 Cedar Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second Class Matter Dec. 8, 1911, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879

No. 1176

NEW YORK, APRIL 13, 1928

Price 8 Cents.

## A "Live" Boy

### OR, QUICK TO GET THE DOLLARS

By A SELF-MADE MAN

#### CHAPTER I.—The Girl in the Case.

"Gee! What a little peach! I wonder who she is, and what brings her here?" said Tom Gibson, messenger to Littleby & Mallison, stock brokers, of No. — Wall Street, as he got up from his chair and advanced toward one of the loveliest girls he had ever seen.

She was about seventeen, modest in her deportment, and she had entered the office in a timid and diffident way.

"What can I do for you, miss?" asked Tom, with unusual deference and politeness, much impressed by the girl's good look and air of refinement.

"Are you connected with the office?" she said, in a sweet voice.

"Yes, miss; I have the honor of being the messenger of this establishment," he answered with a bow.

"Do you know if——"

She spoke in a hesitating and embarrassed way. What else she intended to say was cut short by the appearance of Mr. Littleby, the senior partner, who bustled in from his private room, in his customary pompous way, for Littleby was a person of some consequence in the "Street."

He carried a bunch of papers in one hand, and was evidently bound for the counting-room. He stopped on seeing the young lady, and then recognizing her, walked over to her, his round, smoothly-shaven face wreathed in smiles.

"Upon my word, Miss Eastlake, this is an unexpected pleasure," and he held out his fat, well-manicured hand. The fair visitor, who was clearly no stranger to him, did not seem to be overpowered by the warmth of Mr. Littleby's welcome. Instead of a smile, a look of anxiety came on her face as she extended her daintily-shaped hand.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Littleby, for this intrusion, but——"

"Intrusion, Miss Eastlake! Why, you're as welcome as the flowers in May."

"I came to seek my father," she went on.

"I am sorry, my dear Miss Eastlake, but he is not here."

"I was in hopes he was, sir," she replied with an air of disappointment.

"He was here about noon, stopped a short time and then went away. He is probably somewhere around the Street. If you will step into my pri-

vate room I will send my office boy out to try and hunt him up. Tom!"

"Yes, sir," replied the young messenger, coming forward.

"Conduct Miss Eastlake into my office, and then await my return here," said the broker, who then bowed to the girl and continued on into the counting-room.

"This way, miss," said Tom.

The girl hesitated, then followed the boy.

"Take that seat, miss," said Tom, pointing to the one beside Mr. Littleby's desk.

She did so, in a slow, undecided way, and the boy walked out of the room and shut the door.

"So she's John Eastlake's daughter!" he muttered, as he stood waiting for the senior boss to reappear. "Who'd have thought he had such a pretty one? Well, she has my sympathy, for if her father's luck doesn't mend he'll soon be reduced to a steady diet of snowballs, and she'll no doubt have to suffer with him, which will be rough on her. What else can you expect when a man takes to drink? Instead of keeping tab on his deals, he goes off to some cafe and puts in his time there. I have noticed that Mr. Mallison encourages him to drink, which, in my opinion, isn't just the right thing for him to do. I've suspected for some time that my respected bosses are working some game on him. At any rate, his money flows into this office with a regularity that would break a millionaire if he kept it up long enough. It is not my business how he blows his coin, and yet since I've seen his daughter, I feel as if he ought to be warned, if only for her sake."

Mr. Littleby bustled back.

"Tom, put your hat on and run down to the Empire Cafe. You'll probably find Eastlake there. Tell him his daughter is here and waiting to see him," he said.

He passed on into his room, while Tom passed out into the corridor, and was soon on the street.

"You're looking unusually charming this afternoon, my dear Miss Eastlake," said Mr. Littleby, rubbing his sleek hands one over the other, after seating himself at his desk, and regarding the girl with a look of expectant proprietorship.

The visitor looked down at her shoe and made no reply.

"When may I look for a favorable answer from you to my proposal of marriage?" he went on,



smacking his lips as if she were a delicate morsel he was anxious to devour.

"Why will you persist in pressing your suit? I have already given you my answer," she replied in a constrained way.

"My dear Miss Eastlake, why oppose your father's wishes? I have taken a strong fancy to you, and, with your father's permission, I am endeavoring to overcome the prejudice you appear to feel toward me. What objection can you have to me? My age? There is—ahem!—a certain disparity in that respect between us, but after all, what does a few years amount to in my case? I am hale and hearty, and my age and experience makes me a suitable protector for you. I am wealthy, and can place you in the lap of luxury. Every whim of yours will be gratified. My house is one of the finest on Madison avenue, and the servants will fly to do your bidding the moment you are installed as its mistress. What more can you desire?"

"I do not wish to leave my father. He—he is not as well or strong as he was before—before he began to speculate through your office. He needs my care and attention," she said in a low tone.

"You cannot further your father's interests better than by becoming my wife. Are you aware of his present financial standing?" said Mr. Littleby. "Your answer is likely to affect your father's prospects."

"What has my answer to your proposal, one way or the other, got to do with my father's prospects?"

"Much, my dear Miss Eastlake, very much, indeed."

"In what way?"

"His fate rests with you."

"His fate! I do not understand you."

"Then I will make it plain to you. Your father is on the verge of ruin. He has not only lost every cent of his fortune in the whirl of the market, but to raise the funds necessary to carry his last unsuccessful deal, through which he hoped to recoup a large part of his losses, he mortgaged his home to us. That mortgage is in my private safe behind you. When you consent to become my wife, and the present opportunity is as good as any, it will be canceled and handed to you as one of my wedding presents. Moreover, a sum sufficient to place your father forever above want will be placed by me in the hands of a trust company, the interest of the sum to be paid to him as long as he lives, and the principle, at his death, to revert to you as his heir. I think I am making a liberal concession for your hand, my dear Miss Eastlake, and I expect you will appreciate the fact by accepting me."

"And if I refuse to do so, I suppose I am to understand that my father must abide by the consequences that his foolish infatuation for speculation has brought him to, and that we may even expect to lose our home?" she said, calmly.

"That is the situation, Miss Eastlake."

"Thank you, Mr. Littleby, for placing the matter so clearly before me. I will give you my answer now."

"Ah! I thought you would act sensible. Your answer is——"

"No!" she said, rising.

## CHAPTER II.—A Plucky Girl.

Mr. Littleby was decidedly taken aback. He looked at the girl as if he doubted the evidence of his ears.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Eastlake. Did I understand you to say no?"

"I said 'No,'" she answered in a firm voice.

"I'm afraid you do not understand the situation after all," he said, in measured tones.

"I do understand it. My father is a ruined man."

"I regret——"

She stopped him with a gesture.

"When he first came to your office, and enlisted himself as one of your customers, he was easily worth a hundred thousand dollars. This money was the fruits of his successful career as an architect. You know of his ability in that line, for you employed him to design and build your country home on Long Island. You paid him well, but it would have been far better had he never made your acquaintance."

"My dear Miss——" protested the broker.

"It was you who persuaded him to retire from active business," the girl went on without noticing his interruption. "It was you who tempted him into Wall Street with glowing pictures of millions to be won. And now that you have stripped him of his fortune, you propose to use his crippled financial condition as a means of accomplishing your wishes with regard to myself. Were you as much a gentleman at heart as you are in personal appearance, you would cease to force your attentions on me, for I have plainly told you that they are unwelcome. You are a man of fifty or more, while I am barely seventeen. Our tastes and aspirations are as wide apart as the poles. Marriage between us would be a mockery, for I do not love you and never can. It would simply flatter your vanity to have a young wife to preside over your home. Doubtless you would lavish your money on me, and gratify my every wish, to make me contented with my position as your wife. Well, the picture has no charms for me. I decline the honor of becoming the mistress of your home. Rather will I welcome comparative poverty with a father's love. He is not yet too old to return to his calling, and will, I am sure, retrieve a portion of his lost fortune. At least, he can make a living; be it much or little, I am content to share with him."

Mr. Littleby listened to the girl with a slight frown and a sarcastic curl of his full lips. He did not look like a man who read defeat in her clearly-expressed language. On the contrary, his manner was like that of a cat playing with a mouse, which in its own good time it meant to dispatch.

"Miss Eastlake, you seem to feel sure of your ground, but you are only a young and inexperienced young lady," he said suavely. "You are pitting yourself against a man of infinite resources, gained by years of contact with the world and its sharpest inhabitants. I have learned my lessons and have profited by them. I flatter myself that today I can hold my own against any man in Wall Street, and the evidence of it is the fortune I possess, won in many a battle to



wits with men versed in every trick known to the financial checkerboard. I have yet to lose a point on which I have set my heart. Well, I have set my heart on making you my wife, and, pardon me for expressing my confidence, I expect to win. I mean to win. As a problem you are by no means as difficult as those I am constantly obliged to face in the Street. Therefore, it is useless for you to hold out."

"Indeed, Mr. Littleby. I am not aware of any law you can call upon that will compel me to marry you against my inclinations."

"You are quite right, my dear Miss Eastlake, there is no law, in the sense to which you refer, that will compel you to accompany me to the altar; nevertheless, there is one law you will obey if you are the girl I take you for, and I think you are."

"What law is that?" asked the girl, indifferently.

"Nature. You are devoted to your father. You would make any sacrifice rather than see him dragged in the mire—the contempt and laughing stock of his old associates."

"That will never happen, sir," replied the girl, proudly. "My father is a gentleman and a man of honor. He never will do anything that would bring the blush of mortification to his cheek or mine. Poverty is no disgrace. He can meet it like a man, and do his best to get on his feet again."

"You think so? Pardon me if I disagree with you. Your father is no longer the man he was when he retired from business. Disappointment in the failure of his schemes to grow very rich, as well as the loss of his fortune, has had a very bad effect on him, just as it has had on many other men of even superior talents. I regret to say he has taken to drink."

The girl pressed her hand over her breast, and a look of intense fear settled in her eyes.

"I have been told that when he was young he was much addicted to liquor, and would have filled a drunkard's grave only for the strong influence your mother exercised over him. She saved him and kept him from falling back into his old habits; but she could not kill the seed planted by nature in his system. As long as she lived, and as long as no great temptation aroused the sleeping demon in his breast, he was safe. But the inevitable occurred, and today he is on the road to physical ruin and inevitable degradation, for when a man like him gets on the toboggan, it is a well nigh impossible task to stop his downward rush, accelerated as it is by half a life-time of self-denial."

The girl looked in agony at the complacent broker as he deliberately exposed her father's condition, until that moment unsuspected by her. Too well she knew the menace that drink had for the author of her being. The story of his reclamation she had heard from her mother's lips, and she knew that her mother's watchfulness never relaxed even when it seemed impossible under ordinary conditions to tempt her father to take a social glass.

Mr. Littleby noted the effect that his heartless words had on her, and secretly gloated over it. He felt that his hour of triumph was at hand, and that it would be all the sweeter after the rebuffs he had endured at her hands.

"I'll bring her to her knees," he had often told himself after an unsatisfactory interview with his fair charmer. "I have mastered men, why not this girl? I have determined to win her, and win her I will, be the cost what it may."

"Now, Miss Eastlake, you see how the case stands," he continued in purring accents. "Your father's fate rests with you. He is now standing on the brink, I should rather say. A slight push and he is lost beyond redemption. But there is still time to save him. Let that be my pleasant duty. I can do it. I have acquired a strong influence over him. It depends on you whether I exert that influence for or against him. Consent to become my wife and I will pledge you my word that your father shall not touch another spirituous drink. In one month from today he shall be his former self, and my power shall keep him so. I can do it. Refuse my offer, and—well," with a shrug of his shoulders, "I'll wash my hands of him, and leave his reclamation to you. Do you think you can save him? You are his daughter, but I am his friend, and I take a glass occasionally. I like company, and he is a good fellow. I can lead him with a hair, but you could not drag him counter to me with a rope and a derrick. That's all, Miss Eastlake. The choice is yours."

A painful silence ensued. The girl drew a gasping breath, and her eyes were humid with unshed tears. But in their depths shone a new light that had never been there before. Mr. Littleby, unconscious of the fact that his cruel and deliberate words had aroused into life the fighting spirit of that young soul, sat back in his chair and eyed her complacently.

"And you call yourself a man!" cried the girl with an intensity of scorn that penetrated even his thick hide and almost startled him. "I call you a villain in the guise of a gentleman. If I disliked you before, I hate you now. You coward! I am a defenceless girl, and yet you bring every despicable artifice your nature can command to bear against me to force me to become your wife. I see what your game has been from the first. Piqued by my refusal to marry me, you laid your plans to first accomplish my father's financial ruin, and then, armed with the knowledge of my father's frailty, you determined to sacrifice even his immortal soul, if necessary to accomplish your rascally purpose. You have removed the mask at last, and I see you in your true colors. Backed by your wealth, your established position and your indomitable will, you expect to win. You have shown me your hand—it's a good one. But I rely on a greater power than you will ever possess to beat you—Heaven and a daughter's love. Where is my father? I demand him of you. You sent for him. Why is he not here?"

There came a knock at the door. The broker rose and answered the knock himself. Into the room he led a fine looking gentleman who, sad to relate, was deeply under the influence of mint juleps. Behind, holding him up, was Tom Gibson.

"You asked for your father, Miss Eastlake. He is here," said Mr. Littleby, with a smile.

"Oh, father, father, is it thus I see you?" cried the girl, throwing herself on his breast. the



floodgates of her emotion breaking all barriers at last.

"Why—why, my dear—hic—what brings you to—hic—my friend Littleby's offish? And whas ze mazzar wis you? Whaz wrong—hic?"

The girl clung to him and sobbed as if her heart would break. Her grief over her father's condition would have melted a heart of stone, and Tom was visibly affected. It had no effect whatever on Mr. Littleby. A spartan stoic, or the Red Man of the forest and prairie in his palmiest days might have envied his composure. It was balm to his soul to see his defiant little visitor brought face to face with this evidence of his power. Tom did not have the highest opinion of either Mr. Littleby or his junior partner, the sharp, conniving Edward Mallison, and this evidence of the senior's unconcern somewhat disgusted him.

Had the boy understood the real merits of the case he would have felt like kicking Mr. Littleby around the block. Mr. Eastlake seemed astonished at his daughter's conduct. He could not understand it at all. He caressed her face and spoke soothingly to her in a tipsy fashion that only added to her emotion.

"Mr. Littleby, whazzer mazzar wis my daughter? Whaz happened?" he said, looking in perplexity at his false friend.

"Well, Mr. Eastlake, she is surprised and worried to see you somewhat under the influence of liquor. I'm afraid you have been indiscreet today, and taken a drop too much," replied the broker.

"Oh, zat's it. Too bad. You shee, I met Mallishon. Good fellowish, Mallishon. He was feeling—hic—good. Market went his wayish. Nozzing must do—hic—for him but set 'em up—hic. Couldn't refuse him—there you are."

"You'd better go home, Eastlake. I'll send for a cab. Tom, run out and get one for the gentleman. Tell the driver to collect here when he gets back."

"Tell him no such thing," cried the girl, raising her tear-dimmed eyes. "I will pay him."

There was a flash in her eyes that thrilled Tom, who looked inquiringly at his boss. The broker made a sign which gave him to understand that he must disregard the young lady's remark. So Tom went out and got a cab in Broad street. When he returned he found Mr. Eastlake and his daughter alone in the private room.

"Allow me to help your father downstairs, miss," he said, with a look of sympathy that made a friend of the girl at once.

"Thank you," she said, gratefully. "You are very kind."

"Not at all, miss," he said, grasping the gentleman by the arm and lifting him from his chair.

"Have you—seen him often this way?" she asked anxiously.

"No, miss, never before. I know he drinks with Mr. Mallison, but he always appeared to be sober when I've seen him. Don't worry about him. He'll be all right after a sleep. I've seen many of the brokers worse than him of an afternoon. He probably won't get off this way again in a hurry."

A look came in the girl's face that puzzled him. He said nothing more, but helped Eastlake

out of the office, his daughter supporting him on the other side. What her thoughts were as they went along the corridor to the elevator Heaven alone knows, but she gave no sign. Tom stopped a cage going down and they got aboard.

"Where did his nibs get the jag, Tom? It's a beaut," grinned the elevator man in a whisper loud enough for the girl to hear.

She blushed with mortification.

"Kindly mind your business, Benson," snapped Tom, angrily, to the man's surprise. "Recollect this is a gentleman, and there is a lady present."

The girl looked gratefully at Tom for his defence.

"You needn't get mad about it, Gibson," sniffed the man.

"I'll get as mad as I choose. You're not hired to make fun of visitors to this building. That gentleman is one of our most respectable customer's, and I won't stand for any remarks about him. Understand?"

The elevator man shut up with a surly growl. This wasn't at all like Tom as he knew him, and he couldn't understand it. The cage reached the ground floor and the young messenger handed Eastlake into the cab.

"Can I do anything more for you, miss?" he asked, earnestly.

"Nothing, thank you. I am very grateful to you for your kindness, and—for what you said in the elevator. I won't forget it."

Tom bowed, shut the cab door and motioned to the driver. Then the vehicle rolled away.

### CHAPTER III.—Tom Gets Hold of a Tip.

"Hello, Tom, that was a pretty girl you just put into the cab," said a boyish voice at our hero's elbow as he stood watching the vehicle disappear up the street.

Tom turned and saw his particular friend, Will Ross standing beside him. Will was messenger for Davis & Co., stock brokers, down the street.

"Yes, and she's as good as she's pretty," replied Tom.

"Who was the geezer she was with? He was a fine looking man, but what a bun he has on."

"That's her father."

"That's so? How comes it he's full at this time of the day, and in his daughter's company, too?"

"He's one of our customers, and I guess Mallison is responsible for his jag. His daughter came downtown after him, and I was sent out to find him. I discovered him after some trouble in the Metropolitan Cafe, and he didn't want to come with me, but I finally made him understand that his daughter was at the office, and then he came willingly enough."

"A case of 'Father, dear father, come home with me now,' eh?" grinned Will.

"Cut it out, Will. There's nothing funny about this thing at all. When I got him to the office the girl threw her arms around his neck and cried dreadfully. I tell you it made me feel bad to see her grief. It almost broke her heart to see him in the condition he was, and I don't wonder. Drink makes monkeys of men. It's a shame



that a fine looking gentleman like him should put liquor in his mouth to steal away his brains."

"That's right, but most of our best citizens do it. I've seen Mr. Davis so full that he couldn't stand up. When a man is as full as that he ought to be sent to jail and bailed out."

"Is that one of your jokes?" laughed Tom.

"Saw it, did you?" grinned Will. "Well, look here, I want to let you in on a tip I picked up a while ago. You've got five hundred plunks you've made out of the market. Bring them down to-morrow and plank them on D. & H."

"What's doing in D. & H.?"

"Nothing at present, but inside of two weeks there'll be a scramble for the stock in the board-room."

"How do you know there will?"

"Because the White syndicate is buying it up as fast as their brokers can get it."

"Perhaps you'll tell me how you learned that important fact?"

"Sure I will. Mr. Davis is one of the brokers that is employed by the syndicate. I heard him and White talking about the corner at the office. I learned enough to put me wise to the operation, and I've just come from the little bank on Nassau street, where I bought ten shares of D. & H. White figures that they can push it up to par. As it's going now at 78, that will be 28 points. I expect to collar \$200. You, with your capital, ought to make a thousand. That's all I've got to say to you now. So long."

The unexpected possession of what looked like a winning tip drove all thoughts of pretty Miss Eastlake out of Tom's mind. He returned to the office, his brain full of the prospect of making \$1,000 out of the probable corner in D. & H. Tom was a live boy, and quick to get the dollars when the chance offered. He had already speculated with varying success for a year, and the balance in his favor to date amounted to something over \$500, besides that part of his profits he had turned in to his mother, a widow in very moderate circumstances, who did her share to keep a roof over the heads of her family, which, beside Tom, consisted of two young daughters who went to school, by giving piano lessons to a few pupils who called for instruction at her flat in Harlem.

Tom was ambitious to get rich quicker than his circumstances promised. He was now eighteen years of age, looked upon himself as the head of the family, and had plans mapped out that would have surprised older persons than he. One of them was a cottage in the suburbs where his mother and sisters could live independent of a landlord. He didn't want his sisters to have to go out into the world to earn money. He considered it to be his duty, since his father was dead, to support the family, and he proposed to do it. As his wages for some years to come wouldn't solve that problem, he saved some money and took to speculating. He had no fault to find with his success so far, and anticipated still better luck. Tom had hardly taken his seat in the office before Littleby rang for him.

"Take this note over to Mr. Mallison at the Exchange," said the senior partner. "By the way, you got Eastlake and his daughter off all right, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you find him at the Empire Cafe?"

"No, sir; he wasn't there. I went to several, and finally located him at the Metropolitan."

"Who was he drinking with?"

"Nobody. Just sitting at a table and looking foolish."

"His daughter took his condition rather hard."

"Yes, sir. I feel sorry for her."

"A very nice girl. It's a great pity her father has such a taste for liquor."

Judging from Mr. Littleby's tone and manner, one would have thought he sympathized deeply with Miss Eastlake, and regretted her father's failing. There were times when the broker looked as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, and this was one of them. He was a deacon in his church, and it was quite proper for him to dispense the milk of human kindness with his tongue, even if his heart had no more feeling for humanity in general than the flagstones of the sidewalk outside.

He dismissed Tom on his errand with a nod, and the boy hurried over to the Exchange, where he asked for the junior partner. In a few minutes Mr. Mallison came up. He was a gentleman of average height, rather slender in build, as active as a cat, and, if the truth must be told, as treacherous. Nothing ever got away from him, for he was as sharp as a razor, and as aggressive as a bull terrier. Mr. Littleby found him very valuable in the business, and trusted him more than he would have done had he known him better.

Mallison had a quarter interest in the business, but he intended to have more, though Mr. Littleby had no intention of taking him as a full partner. The fact was known to Mallison, but it didn't worry him a little bit. Indeed, nothing ever greatly worried the junior member of the firm. He believed that everything comes to him who waits, and he never made the mistake of hurrying matters before they were ripe.

When Tom handed him the letter he read it in his quick way. A faint grin flickered about the corners of his mouth. He tore the note into small pieces as he walked away, after dismissing the boy, and scattered the fragments on the floor. Tom got back in time to take the day's deposits to the bank, and after another errand or two he was off for the day.

Next morning he brought \$500 downtown, and as the brokerage department of the little bank on Nassau street was open for business at nine o'clock, he decided that he would be a little late at the office that morning in order that he might leave his order for 50 shares of D. & H. As the stock closed at 78 the afternoon before, he calculated that the bank's representative at the Exchange would be able to buy the shares at that price. He subsequently found that his calculations were correct.

Tom was busy all day, out and in, and about the streets like a winged Mercury. He didn't see Mr. Eastlake, but that was no evidence that the gentleman had not called, as was his daily custom. It happened, however, that Eastlake did not turn up till quarter past three, after Mallison had returned from the Exchange, and was with Mr. Littleby in that gentleman's room.

A few moments before Mr. Littleby had called Tom in and told him to look over the letter



cabinet for a certain note on file there. A clerk showed Eastlake in and the partners greeted him with assumed cordiality. They noticed a change in their customer's manner toward them.

"Take a chair, Eastlake," said Mallison, in a friendly way. "I'm going out for a highball presently, and you can join me if you wish."

"Thank you, sir, for the invitation, but I'll have to decline. I've quit drinking."

Littleby and the junior partner exchanged glances.

"Quit drinking too much, I suppose you mean?" said Mallison.

"No, sir. I've quit drinking altogether."

"A wise resolution, no doubt, if you think you can keep it," said Mallison, with a slight sneer.

"I mean to keep it, with Heaven's help, and my daughter's."

"Ahem!" said Mr. Littleby. "Did you wish to see us on anything of importance, Mr. Eastlake?"

"I understand, through my daughter, that my marginal deposit on my pending deal is exhausted. You told her, I believe, that you were carrying it for me in the hope that the price might pick up so that you need not close me out, as you have the right to do. Is that so?"

"It is, Mr. Eastlake."

"Then I beg you will not carry it a moment longer. Have my account made out, and if there is a balance against me, I will settle it in a day or two."

"Very well, Mr. Eastlake, just as you say, but as this seems to be your last chance, we are loath to drive you to the wall. You have been a good customer, and it is our policy to protect our clients as far as it lies in our power. Is it not so, Mr. Mallison?"

"Yes, that is our policy," replied the junior partner.

"I desire no favors, gentlemen. I am a ruined man and therefore you can have no further interest in me," said Eastlake.

"My dear sir, you do us both an injustice by supposing such a thing," said Littleby, hypocritically. "You have lost a great deal of money through our office, out of which we have benefited to the extent of our commissions and interest charges, so it's natural we should——"

"Take an interest in you," interjected Mallison.

"Precisely," said Littleby. "Then there is the possibility of your daughter becoming my wife, which still further——"

"My daughter informed me this morning that she has definitely declined to become your wife, so we will not consider that further."

"What! do you intend to break the contract between us?" exclaimed Mr. Littleby.

"The contract to which you refer was merely my permission for you to address my daughter with the view to marriage. I did not engage to force her to accept your addresses. She is under age, it is true, but her wishes have weight with me. If she will not marry you, I do not see what I can do to help you."

"Don't you think Mr. Littleby would confer honor on your daughter by marrying her?" said Mallison.

"If he conferred happiness on her it would be more to the point. However, we will not discuss

the matter, as it seems to be settled as far as my daughter is concerned."

"That is all very well, Mr. Eastlake, but I think I have a right to be considered in this matter," said Mr. Littleby, with an ominous look in his eyes. "I love your daughter, and under the impression that I was backed by your support, I have built my hopes on this match. Your daughter hardly understands her own mind. Consider the advantages that an allegiance with me would mean for her, and I might also add, for yourself. Wealth and social prominence for her, while for yourself a settled annuity that would relieve you of all financial embarrassment in the future."

"I grant you all the points you have advanced, Mr. Littleby, but I cannot undertake to force my daughter into a match she objects to," replied Eastlake, with some dignity.

"You are too squeamish on the subject. Remember you have mortgaged your house to me. It was my intention to present that mortgage, cancelled, to you on the day your daughter became my wife. Should this marriage fall through, you face the possibility of losing your home," said Mr. Littleby, with emphasis.

"I shall endeavor to meet the interest charges when they fall due, but if fortune goes against me, I must submit to the consequences," replied Eastlake, calmly.

The senior partner was very much disgruntled. His customer's attitude was not what he had looked for. Indeed, Mr. Eastlake's deportment had greatly altered since the preceding day, and Mr. Littleby was of the opinion that the young lady in the case was responsible for it. The broker was not accustomed to take a rebuff without resenting it. He was too shrewd a man, however, to betray his real feelings. He had set his heart on making Elsie Eastlake his wife, and the matter was too important to be ruined by a false move. It would not do to antagonize the young lady's father, if he could avoid it, for his trump card had yet to be played. He regretted that he had shown his hand to the girl the day before. He saw he had made a mistake, because he had misjudged the caliber of the young lady. He had counted on frightening her into compliance with his wishes, instead of which she had accepted the gauge of battle, even with the odds against her. It increased his admiration of her, and made him all the more determined to bend her to his will.

"Well, Mr. Eastlake," we will drop the matter for the present," he said. "I will have your statement made out; but if there is a balance against you, I beg you not to worry about it. It can stand indefinitely. You need not worry about the mortgage, either. I won't foreclose, even if you default in your interest. I am the last man who would want to deprive your daughter of the home to which she is accustomed. Therefore, make your mind easy on that point."

"Thank you, sir. I will call for my statement some time tomorrow."

Mr. Eastlake rose, bowed to the partners, and left the room.

#### CHAPTER IV.—What Tom Overheard in Littleby's Room.

Tom had listened with interest to the foregoing conversation. He had no right to do it.



but he forgot himself, and in so doing neglected the duty he was engaged on. The only excuse he could have offered to justify himself was the strong interest he had taken in Miss Eastlake, whose many charms had quite captured his heart, but even that excuse would hardly hold water. The two brokers had evidently forgotten his presence in the room, and as he was hidden from their sight by the massive proportions of Mr. Littleby's private safe, he was not likely to be observed by either. As soon as Eastlake left the room, Tom resumed his interrupted task. The conversation that ensued between the partners, which, now that they thought themselves alone, became quite confidential, soon attracted his notice, and he heard things that greatly astonished him.

"Well," remarked Mallison, with a laugh that annoyed his partner, "your love affair seems to have received a decided setback, Mr. Littleby. What are you going to do about it?"

A look came into the senior gentleman's eyes that was not pleasant to see.

"What am I going to do, Mr. Mallison? Play my trump card."

"And that is——"

"Make a drunkard of her father unless she yields," hissed Mr. Littleby.

"Hum! You heard what Eastlake said."

"To what do you refer?"

"He said he had quit drinking altogether."

"Bah! Do you suppose he can keep such a resolution?" replied Mr. Littleby, with a sneer.

"He looked as if he meant what he said."

"His will is built on the shifting sand. Place temptation in his way now that he has once more looked on the wine when it was red, and his resolve will melt like the morning's mist under the sun's heat. You know that as well as I do, Mallison."

"You hope to keep a string on him, I suppose, so that if the girl capitulates you can save him even at the eleventh hour?"

"That is part of my plan."

"Do you think that you will be able to do that if you are forced to push him too far?"

"I will do it, never fear."

"They say that when a caged tiger once tastes human blood, even after a long period of deprivation of the article, he is never the same as before. Remember, Mr. Littleby, that in playing with fire you may——"

"I am prepared to take all the chances. The stake I am angling for is worth the risk."

"Women certainly do play the mischief with the men," said Mallison, with a chuckle. "So you intend to continue the good work I began at your request?"

"No, Mallison, it won't look well for me to make myself prominent in the matter. Besides, it would weaken my influence when I started in to reclaim my man."

"Then how do you propose to——"

"I leave that part of the game in your hands, Mallison, with the utmost confidence in your ability to bring it to a successful conclusion. You are really a clever man. I may say you are worth your weight in gold to me on occasions."

"On occasions, eh?" laughed the junior member of the firm. "Why not say all the time, Mr. Littleby?"

"Hum! You have your limitations, Mallison," said Littleby, shortly.

"Indeed," replied the junior partner, taking a cigar from his vest pocket, biting the end off, and then lighting it from the flame of a match he struck upon the sole of his shapely shoe. "Perhaps you will mention one or two."

"Mallison, do you know who you are speaking to?" asked Littleby, severely.

The junior partner leaned back in his chair, with his legs crossed and his head back, emitted a puff of smoke from his lips, and then remarked coolly:

"I think I am speaking to my partner, William Littleby, a gentleman whose business sagacity is of such a keen order that he cannot fail to have arrived at the evident conclusion that his junior partner, Edward Mallison, is an indispensable fixture of this establishment."

Mr. Littleby almost gasped at his partner's speech.

"May I ask if you are in your right senses, Mallison, or has your daily allowance of mint juleps gone to your head?" he said, in a tone of displeasure.

"My head is perfectly clear, Mr. Littleby. It requires a clear head to study you, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"I repeat, I have studied you from the day you gave me a quarter interest in the firm. Before that, I was your cashier, and made myself so valuable to you in divers ways which I need not mention that you judged it to your interest to present me with a junior partnership. Since then I have served you faithfully, have I not?"

Mallison flicked the ashes from the end of his cigar and looked keenly at his partner.

"Well, well, Mallison, I'll not deny it; but I think we will change the topic if you please," said Mr. Littleby.

"But I don't please, Mr. Littleby. I have been waiting for the chance to come to a more definite understanding with you, and the present is the best time to adjust our little differences," replied Mallison, suavely, putting his cigar in his mouth.

"Come to an understanding with me! What do you mean?"

"Why, simply this: When you took me in, as a partner, I mean, I was conscious of a certain disparity between us—your wealth and superior attainments as a shrewd financier, for instance. I made up my mind that in justice to you, I ought to reduce the gulf. Perseverance and practice have, I think, brought me almost up to you."

"How, sir?"

"Professionally, I mean, and it is my intention, therefore, to make something more of my talents—nor have I been the only one conscious of them. Mr. Sharpley, of Sharpley & Co., Exchange Place, learning that our partnership agreement was about to expire by limitation, has offered me a half interest in his firm, which at present, as you know, consists only of himself."

"What! Leave me, Mallison! You, my right-hand man—whom I have instructed in all my ways—imparted all my confidence to! You leave me! Why, Mallison, you surely wouldn't do such a thing. It wouldn't be honorable," cried Littleby, aghast.

"You can answer for me, sir, for you have formed my principles," replied the junior part-



ner, blandly, blowing out another cloud of smoke with the utmost nonchalance.

Littleby looked hard at his partner, and what he read in his face was not reassuring.

"The villain!" he thought. "He knows he has me where the hair is short, and he means to profit by it. Our partnership will shortly expire, and he proposes to secure a larger interest in the firm. But he shall not—no, no, I'll—yet I must be cautious. He knows many of my secrets. He has me in his power to a certain extent, and too well he knows it—the viper!"

"I say it wouldn't be honorable for you to leave me and join one of my business rivals. Do you understand?" exclaimed Mr. Littleby excitedly.

"Pray don't ruffle yourself, Mr. Littleby," replied Mallison, as cool as a cucumber. "I said to myself that such a course of action would not be treating you quite fair."

"Of course it wouldn't. It would be simply outrageous," returned Littleby, mopping his face and moving uneasily in his chair.

"Therefore," went on Mallison, tossing his butt into the cuspidor, "I have decided to reject Mr. Sharpley's offer altogether."

"That's right. I will have new articles of partnership drawn up at once, increasing your interest to—but we will decide on that later."

"I beg you to let me finish. I have decided to reject Sharpley's offer, and," here Mallison paused a moment, while he eyed his partner keenly, "go into business for myself."

"What!" roared Littleby. "Go into business for yourself?"

"Yes, I think it would be an excellent idea. I have made money with you, and saved it. Besides——"

"But I can't spare you, Mallison."

"Very sorry, sir, but circumstances often arise that compel the best of friends to part."

"Why should we part? I will give you a third interest in my business if you will remain with me," said Littleby, with nervous eagerness.

"I think I can do better by myself. At any rate, I would be more independent."

"But, sir, you might act against me. You hold knowledge of my business that would make it possible for you to injure me."

"Oh, no, I should act for myself, not against you. To be sure there are quite a number of your, or rather our, customers whose affairs have often gone through my hands, who have expressed themselves so satisfied that they have often said if I ever did start out for myself, they would throw their business my way. Of course, I can't help that, sir. People have a perfect right to choose their own brokers," and Mallison laughed slyly.

"The scoundrell!" muttered Littleby to himself, and his face expressed his thoughts. "He's been tampering with some of my best customers, I dare say; but I'll not be—— Well, well, I'll get square with him." Then turning to his business associate, he said: "If you do leave me, and set up for yourself, Mr. Mallison, I wish you all the success you deserve."

"Thank you, sir. It is very kind of you to say so," chuckled Mallison. "I understand there's a suite of offices that will soon be for rent on this floor. I think I shall speak for them, as it would give me a great deal of pleasure to be near you."

"Oh, take them, by all means," returned Littleby, fairly boiling over with wrath. "It would be a treat for me to have you on this floor—next door, in fact, if you could manage it. I'd like it above all things," and the senior partner gritted his teeth.

Mallison laughed softly, and drummed with his fingers on the calf of his leg, which rested across his knee.

"A few minutes ago I remarked that I had made money with you and saved it," he said, blandly. "As I was going on to explain the extent of the capital I expected to put into my business, you interrupted me. Shall I tell you now?"

"As you wish, sir."

"I anticipate that you will furnish me with at least one-half of my capital."

"What's that?" glared Littleby.

"I expect that when we settle up our partnership you will acknowledge your indebtedness to me to the extent, say, of \$100,000."

"I owe you \$100,000! You must be crazy," snarled Littleby.

"No, sir; I'm not crazy. Shall I make the matter clear to you?" and without waiting for a reply he went on. "Your business is easily worth half a million. But I will be modest and put it at—say, \$200,000. A quarter interest of that is \$50,000."

"What nonsense are you talking about? According to our articles of co-partnership, you agreed to make no claim on me for the value of the interest I presented you with, inasmuch as it never cost you a cent. It is down in black and white, with your name and mine attached to it. Any court——"

"I know that, sir, but there are reasons why I think you will condescend to waive a too strict interpretation of the agreement we made three years ago."

"Reasons, Mr. Mallison, what reasons can invalidate a legal instrument?"

"A variety of things have transpired since we went into a partnership that I have assisted you in which you have never settled with me to the extent to which I consider myself entitled—for instance, the Duncan deal for one. It was not just regular, and if the Board of Governors of the Exchange knew the real facts, why——"

"I see, Mallison, what you're driving at," gritted Littleby. "There is no occasion for you to cite any more examples. You intend to use your inside knowledge of certain matters to extort blood money from me—to rob me, in fact."

"What! rob you, Mr. Littleby!" cried the junior partner with pretended astonishment. "Now I leave it to yourself, is it possible for any one to rob you?"

"A truce to this beating around the bush. Let us understand one another. What are your terms for relinquishing the idea of going into business for yourself and signing a new partnership agreement for five years?"

"My terms, Mr. Littleby, are a one-half interest in your business. Consent to that and we remain hand-in-glove. I will agree to help you work your plans to secure Eastlake's daughter for your wife, and will, of course, forward all your business schemes to the limit of my ability."

For the first time Mallison dropped the cool, lazy deportment which had characterized his at-



titude during the interview, and now showed himself the alert, business man he was. His words were short, sharp and to the point. Littleby saw at once that his proposition was what he had been aiming at from the first—that his intimation of going it alone had been a mere bluff; but a bluff he was prepared to make good if forced to. The senior partner felt that Mallison held a "royal flush," and that he must yield to his demand or face the consequences.

"Mallison, you're the first man who ever got the better of me," he said. "I agree to your terms. Henceforth, we will pull on even terms, and the first service I expect of you is to——"

"Attend to Eastlake. I'll do it. Before I get through with him the girl will be pledged to marry you, or her father will be on the road to a drunkard's grave," said Mallison.

"Not if I can help it," breathed Tom Gibson, resolutely from behind the shelter of the big safe.

#### CHAPTER V.—The Boy Who Couldn't Be Bribed.

"Good," said Littleby, with a look of satisfaction.

"Now that our little matter is satisfactorily settled, I will go home," said Mallison. "It's half-past four."

"So late as that? It's time I was off myself. I have an engagement at my club at five. I shall be late."

He shut down his desk with a slam and started for his coat and hat. Three steps carried him to where he caught sight of Tom at the letter cabinet. He stopped as if petrified.

"Tom, what are you doing there?" he asked sharply.

Mallison's hand was on the knob of the door when he heard Littleby's exclamation. He turned and looked. He, too, saw Tom standing behind the safe.

"Looking for the note you asked me to find Tom said to the senior partner.

"Indeed!" replied Littleby. "It was more than an hour ago that I asked you to look that up. Have you been here ever since?"

"Yes, sir," replied Tom, almost defiantly.

"And I suppose you have heard all that has transpired in here during that time?"

"I won't deny it," replied Tom, coolly.

Littleby drew a long breath and eyed his messenger in no pleasant way, while the junior partner uttered an imprecation. For a moment or two there was an awkward silence.

"Mallison," said Littleby, "what are we going to do about this thing?"

"Young man, what explanation have you to make for remaining here and spying upon Mr. Littleby and myself? When you saw we were engaged in a confidential conversation, why didn't you show yourself?" said Mallison.

"That is what I would have done under ordinary circumstances, Mr. Mallison, but finding you were discussing a most contemptible conspiracy against a customer who has spent every dollar he is worth in this house, as well as against his innocent daughter, I deemed it my duty to remain and learn as much as I could of your plans

for the purpose of defeating them if possible. That is my explanation. If it isn't satisfactory, I can't help it. It's the way I do business," said Tom, in a manly tone that showed he meant what he said.

Both men were staggered by the boy's resolute demeanor. They looked at each other for inspiration, but for once the two cleverest rascals of Wall Street were at their wits' end, and brought to bay by a messenger boy. Mallison was the first to recover his coolness.

"Littleby," he said, in smooth tones, "I think we have failed to appreciate the unusual talents that Gibson appears to possess. It is never too late, however, to recognize true worth. I think you will agree with me that it is proper for you to draw a check to Gibson's order for, say, \$5,000, present it to him with the compliments of the firm, and then tell the cashier that hereafter Gibson's wages will be \$15 a week."

"Mr. Mallison, if you think I can be bribed to help you both out in your dirty work by \$5,000, or five times \$5,000, you were never more mistaken in your life," said Tom. "Both of you together, nor all the brokers in the Street combined, haven't money enough to buy me."

"Then you mean to go back on us," gritted Mallison.

"That will depend."

"On what?"

"I have heard it said every person has his price. Well, I have mine."

"Oh, you have?" returned Mallison. "Pray name it."

"The terms on which I agree to remain silent about what I have heard in this room are these: Mr. Littleby must give up all idea of persecuting Miss Eastlake with his unwelcome attentions, and you both must swear to leave her father alone, and drop your dastardly scheme to take advantage of his taste for liquor. Agree to that and I am silent, refuse and I will sever my connection with your office now, and take up the battle in the Eastlake's defence. Gentlemen, it's up to you to say which it will be."

"You seem to have taken a most remarkable interest in two persons with whom we are not aware you were acquainted except by sight," said Mallison, with a sneer. "Will you explain your reason for this?"

"My reason ought to be clear to you. I can't see a piece of rascality going on under my eyes without making an effort to head it off."

"Pretty strong language for an office boy to address to his employers," Mallison.

"I admit it; but you and Mr. Littleby know whether you deserve it or not."

"Well, young man, we won't discuss this situation further at present. Mr. Littleby and myself will consider your terms, and to-morrow we will let you know whether we'll accept them or not. You, on your part, had better give our offer another thought. Five thousand dollars and a fifty percent raise in your wages ought to be an object with you. Certainly there is more common sense in accepting it than persevering in a Quixotic defence of two people who could not reward you if they would, and would probably not appreciate your zeal at its true estimate. The most valuable advice I would give you is never to butt into matters that do not vitally concern



you. It may be praiseworthy to sacrifice yourself for a principle, but I can assure you it is a losing game," said Mallison, going to the door and holding it open as an invitation for Tom to pass out. The boy did so, and as the clock pointed at ten minutes of five he put on his hat and went home.

"I have put my foot in it good and hard," said Tom to himself as he hurried up Wall Street, "but I wouldn't draw out if I could. I wonder what my boss will do? I rather doubt them giving in to me, and yet they know I've learned some pretty hard things, not only about their purposes toward Miss Eastlake and her father, but a most important business secret of their own. I fancy they'll increase the bribe. I dare say Littleby would give \$50,000 in cold cash rather than lose the girl! but he'll lose her all right. I never heard of such a piece of rascality originating with a man of Littleby's seeming respectability. Really, it staggers me. If men of wealth and position will stoop to such things, what can be expected of natural born scamps?"

In the meantime Littleby and Mallison remained in the private room.

"This is a serious matter for us, Mallison," said the former.

"Particularly for you," replied the junior partner. "That boy won't accept any bribe we can offer, I'm afraid. You must give up the girl——"

"Never!" cried Littleby.

Mallison shrugged his shoulders.

"Is any woman worth the risk you face?"

"It makes no difference. I simply must have her."

"I feel sorry for you. A man of your age ought to know that a young and beautiful girl has no use for a person old enough to be her——"

"I want no advice from you, Mallison," snorted Littleby. "Love levels everything."

"It certainly has made a fool of you," replied Mallison, frankly.

"I wish you'd mind your own business," said Littleby, angrily.

"Oh, very well; if you prefer to extricate yourself from this dilemma, do so by all means. I can stand the riddle if you can."

"Mallison, that boy must be got rid of somehow."

"That's easy; but closing his mouth is another thing."

"His mouth must be closed, too."

"I should be glad to help you do it, if I could see my way clear, but I fail to see how the thing is to be accomplished. We are not living in the Middle Ages, when one could hire some desperado to put one's enemy out of the way for keeps. I have a wholesome respect for the laws of the land, though I'm often willing to stretch them to the limit."

"I'm not talking about having him killed."

"I should hope not. I have no desire to accompany you to the electric chair at Sing Sing."

"We must have him abducted and kept away until I have succeeded in forcing Miss Eastlake into the marriage. After that he can blab as much as he pleases. I doubt if he could do us any damage."

"Well, that might be accomplished," said Mallison, after a moment's thought. I know a chap

who, I doubt not, would undertake the job for a proper consideration."

"See him at once and make the arrangements. I'll pay any price in reason."

"Very well. Leave the matter to me. I'll try and meet my man tonight. If I do, I'll report to you tomorrow."

"Do so, Mallison. I guess I can safely intrust the plan to you."

"If you can't then there is no honor among——"

"Ahem!" interrupted Littleby. "It is time we left the office."

Two minutes later the partners were going down in the elevator together, the envy of the cheaply-paid man in charge of the cage; but then he didn't know them as well as their office boy did.

## CHAPTER VI.—Tom Proves of Service to a Young Lady.

"Tom," said Mrs. Gibson to her son that evening after supper, "I wish you'd take a piece of music over to one of my pupils. I want her to practice it before she comes for her next lesson."

"Mother dear, I'll do anything you want. I'd rather oblige you than any one on earth, for you're the dearest, best and——"

"That will do, Tom. I know you're the best son in the world, and I appreciate your devotion. There's the music. Run along with it."

"All right," said the boy, picking up his hat, "but I've learned one thing since I've been in Wall Street."

"What is that?"

"That it doesn't pay to do things for nothing."

"Oh, you want me to pay you for carrying the music?"

"I do. My charges are not excessive. We will call it two kisses—one of which I must have in advance."

Tom collected the toll without any trouble, and was off on his errand. The pupil lived in a Lexington avenue flat, and the young Wall Street boy had no difficulty in finding the place and leaving the music.

He was in no hurry to return home, and remembering that a friend of his had invited him to attend a smoker at the club-house of a political organization on a street some blocks below, just off Madison avenue, that evening, he concluded to take the affair in. As he had plenty of time to get there he did not take a car, but walked down Madison avenue in a leisurely way. His thoughts recurred to the lovely Miss Eastlake, and he wondered if he ever would see her again.

"I wish I might meet her once more," he thought wistfully. "As her father has practically cut loose from the office, I'm afraid I won't. She'll never know what I have done for her and her father. However, I'll have the satisfaction of knowing that I helped them both, and that's something, at any rate."

As he came to the crossing of one of the streets, a gentleman and young lady came out of the side street and started to go to the other side. The girl dropped her bag, and stopping, stooped to recover it, while her escort kept on. At that



moment an auto dashed around the corner. Tom saw that the girl was in its path, and he shouted out a warning, at the same time rushing forward. The young lady seemed dazed by the dazzling headlights of the machine and stood still.

Tom sprang toward her, grasped her by the wrist and swung her clear. As he straightened up, one of the curved mud guards hit him a glancing blow on the head. The sensation, as he was thrown toward the walk with the girl in his arms, was as if a house had fallen on him, and he lost his senses. The gentleman, with a cry of consternation, rushed back and bent over the girl and her rescuer.

"My darling, are you hurt?" he asked, in a tone of deep concern, unclasping Tom's fingers.

"I—I don't know, father. I'm so frightened," she sobbed, as he took her in his arms.

"There, there, my dear. I guess you escaped. This poor lad who saved you seems to be injured. I'll carry him to our house and telephone for a doctor," said the gentleman.

He lifted Tom in his arms and bore him across the street, and part way down the avenue to a handsome four-story with a high stoop, followed by the girl. The young lady rang the bell and the door was presently opened by a servant. The gentleman carried Tom upstairs to the private sitting-room and laid him on the lounge there, while the girl turned on a light.

"Why—why—I've seen this boy before," said the gentlemen.

The young lady came and looked at her rescuer. She recognized Tom at once with an exclamation of surprise.

"Of course you've seen him before, father. He's Littleby & Mallison's messenger."

"Yes, yes; so he is—his name is Tom Gibson. Well, well, who would have thought we should be indebted so greatly to him!"

"He's bleeding from a wound on the side of the head. Quick, father, call a doctor. It may be serious," said the girl, whom the reader will have no difficulty in recognizing as Elsie Eastlake.

Mr. Eastlake lost no time in going to the telephone and communicating with a physician in the neighborhood, who promised to call right away. In the meantime Elsie got some soft rags and warm water, and washed the blood away from Tom's wound. He came to his senses and found himself looking into her lovely eyes.

"Yes," she replied, gently. "How do you feel?"

"Not very good. What happened to me?"

"Don't you remember?"

"No," he answered, shaking his head.

"Why you saved me from being run over by an automobile."

Then Tom remembered.

"Was it you?" he asked, wonderingly.

"Yes; and I am very, very grateful to you for saving my life. How strange that you should be at hand to rescue me!"

"It is kind of strange that it should be you, Miss Eastlake. I am very glad I was able to be of service to you."

He closed his eyes, for his head felt bad, but he was conscious of the touch of her gentle fingers as she bathed his forehead with Florida water, and her touch seemed to chase away a part of the pain. When he opened his eyes again the doctor was present.

"You're not seriously hurt, young man. I'll soon fix you up," he said after examining his wound.

He soon had Tom's head bound up in regulation fashion and then went away, after telling Mr. Eastlake that the boy would be all right in a few days. Tom lay still for an hour, then he felt better. Elsie came over to look at him, and he told her where he lived, and how he happened to be in that neighborhood.

"Your father was at the office to-day," he said.

"Yes, I know he was. He is going again to-morrow, but I hope it will be for the last time," she replied.

"He ought never to have come there," said Tom.

"No, it was an unfortunate day for us that he was persuaded to speculate in stocks."

"He has lost everything, even this house, hasn't he?"

"You know," she replied, in some surprise.

"I do. I also know, if you will pardon me for saying so, that Mr. Littleby hopes to make you his wife."

Elsie flushed to the root of her hair.

"You know that, too!" she said. "I thought no one but my father knew of Mr. Littleby's attentions, which are not——"

She paused in an embarrassed way.

"I understand. You have no interest in him, and you may consider yourself fortunate, unless you were simply ambitious to win a wealthy husband, which I believe you are not, in spite of your father's losses."

"I wouldn't marry Mr. Littleby if he were many times a millionaire," she said, with a flash of her eyes and a curl of her lips.

"You are right, Miss Eastlake," replied Tom. A man who will take the cowardly advantage he proposed to do in order to force you to marry him is not worthy the respect of a decent woman."

"You know that, too? You know that he was responsible for my father's condition yesterday afternoon?"

"I know what his plans are toward you and your father, but I think I have balked him."

"You balked him! How could you do that?" she said, somewhat astonished.

"I don't know that I ought to tell you how I managed it. At least not until I have learned for sure that he has given his plans up. I will say this much—I accidentally secured a hold on him, and I used it for your benefit."

"You did that for me, and we only met for a few minutes yesterday afternoon?"

"I did what I could to save your father from becoming Mr. Mallison's dupe, and in doing that I knew I was serving you as well."

"How can I thank you, Mr. Gibson?" she said, gratefully. "I little dreamed that I possessed such a friend as you, who would also save my life."

"As I said before, I am very happy to be of service to you."

"It seems strange that you would take such an interest in one who was a stranger to you," she said.

"I hope we shall be friends instead of strangers after this," said Tom, eagerly.

"Be assured we shall if it rests with me," she replied, earnestly.



"Thank you for that assurance, Miss Eastlake. I will try to be worthy of your friendship. And now I will have to go, I guess."

"Do you feel able to go home?"

"I think so."

"My father had better go with you."

"Perhaps it would be well if he did, as I feel kind of shaky."

"Why not remain with us all night? We can give you a room."

"My mother would wonder what had happened to me."

"My father will send her word."

"That would only worry her, and she probably would not sleep to-night. I had better go."

Mr. Eastlake said he would see him to his door, and after Elsie had exacted a promise from him that he would call on her soon, he left with her father.

## CHAPTER VII.—Tom Makes a Thousand Dollars

Next morning Tom turned up at the office as usual, but his bandaged head attracted attention, of course.

"What happened to you, Gibson?" asked a clerk. "Tried to stop a street car with your head?"

"No. I was hit by an auto," replied the young messenger.

"Is that a fact?"

"If it wasn't, my head wouldn't be in this shape."

"You don't seem to be hurt otherwise. How did you escape other injuries?"

"Because only my head came in contact with the machine."

When Tom walked into Littleby's room in answer to that gentleman's ring, the broker regarded him with some surprise.

"What's the matter with your head?" he said, gruffly.

"Hurt it," replied Tom.

Littleby devoutly wished he had broken it.

"You're a nice spectacle to be seen on the Street. Here, take this note to Mr. Mallison."

That meant a visit to the Exchange. Tom took the note and left the office.

"Not a word about yesterday afternoon," thought the boy. "I suppose I'll hear from him when he and Mallison get together after the Exchange closes."

But Tom didn't hear from Littleby that afternoon, nor the next, nor, in fact, during the next ten days, during which D. & H. stock steadily mounted up to par. When the price reached 85 it began to attract attention, and considerable business was done in it, but after that its scarcity caused it to jump up a point at a time, and the demand every day exceeded the supply. Tom kept tab on it and noted its rise with great satisfaction. When it touched par he sold out and col-  
lared a profit of about \$1,075. That made him worth just \$1,600, and he felt like whooping. His mother could hardly believe he owned so much money when he told her about the deal.

"Well, money talks; there's the \$1,600," and he showed the bills to her.

Of course, that convinced her, and she was

quite delighted at his success. He skinned a \$100 bill off his roll and handed it to her.

"That's for yourself. I expect to double this \$1,500 before I'm three months older. There is no place like Wall Street in which to make money if you're lucky; otherwise you can lose your wad so quick it will make your head swim," he said.

Because nearly two weeks had passed since Tom's strenuous interview with his two bosses, it was no evidence that Littleby had given up his designs against Elsie Eastlake, and incidentally her father, or reconsidered his purpose to have the boy kidnaped. Littleby simply let the girl alone until his partner had fixed Tom. The reason why there had been a delay in fixing Tom was because Mallison found that the man he counted on to do the trick was out of town. Tom paid a visit to Elsie Eastlake on the evening of the day he closed out his deal in D. & H.

He told her about his luck, and she congratulated him.

"Been troubled any more by Mr. Littleby?" he asked.

"No, I haven't seen or heard of him."

"Has your father met Mallison?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"He isn't drinking a drop now, is he?"

"Not a drop, I am thankful to say."

"Let us hope for your sake that this state of things will continue. What is your father doing—anything?"

"Yes, he has opened an office and is looking for work. He is pretty sure to get business as soon as it comes generally known among the big builders that he is in harness again."

"That's first rate. Your father will doubtless be able to pay the interest on the mortgage on the house when it becomes due, and in time he will be in a financial position to lift the mortgage."

"I trust so," she said with a hopeful smile.

They talked on various subjects, Tom finding her usually intelligent and well-read, and then she asked him if he liked music. The young messenger said he did, so he went to the piano and played a couple of pieces with the grace and skill of a professional. During an interval between pieces, he told her that his mother was an accomplished pianist, and gave lessons to pupils to help out.

"I should like you to meet my mother if you would care to do so, Miss Eastlake," he said.

"I should be pleased to do so."

"Might I call and take you over to our flat, or would you prefer to have her call here with me?" he said.

"Which ever would be most convenient to your mother," she answered.

"Then I will take you over, as I think that would suit her better, as she seldom finds time to go out in the evenings."

"Very well."

"When shall I tell her that she may expect you?"

"Whenever it is convenient for you to call for me."

"That will suit me very well, as I have no engagement for that evening."

"All right. Then that is settled," said Tom, delighted to have the pleasure in prospect of escorting the lovely girl to his humble home. "I suppose you sing?"

"A little," she answered, with a smile.



"Will you favor me?"

She selected a song from her portfolio and sang it with a sweetness that quite entranced Tom.

"You've got a lovely voice, Miss Eastlake."

"Thank you for the compliment."

"Don't mention it. You deserve it. Will you sing another?"

She obliged him with a couple more, and then persuaded him to sing something. Altogether, Tom had a bang-up time that evening, and when he got home he told his mother in confidence that he had never enjoyed himself more in his life. He didn't tell her, however, that he was head over heels in love with the fair girl. Friday came, and that evening Tom presented himself at the Eastlake home at quarter of eight, prepared to escort Elsie over to his house. The girl was almost ready when he was shown into the sitting-room, and when she did appear she looked quite a dream in the boy's eyes. He was a proud boy as they left the house together. A street car took them across town, and another car took them within a couple of blocks of his flat. It was nearly half-past eight when he showed Elsie into the little parlor and introduced her to his mother and his two sisters. Mrs. Gibson and her two daughters were quite taken aback with the visitor, and Elsie was pleased with Tom's mother and sisters. There was music and singing, and finally refreshments, and at half-past ten Tom took Miss Eastlake home.

"When shall I have the pleasure of seeing you again, Mr. Gibson?" she said.

"I will call next Wednesday if you say so," said Tom.

"Very well, I will look for you that evening."

Then they shook hands and wished each other good-night. Tom looked eagerly forward to the next Wednesday evening, but circumstances over which he had no control prevented him from keeping his engagement. Next day Tom accidentally found out that a clique of well-known operators were buying up all the L. & M. they could get hold of for the purpose of effecting a corner and sending up the price of the stock. Here was another chance for him to make a haul out of the market, and he lost no time in leaving an order with the little bank on Nassau street for 150 shares, putting up his \$1,500 as margin. He passed the tip to his friend, Will Ross, as soon as he met him, and that lad bought 25 shares on his own account. They both got the stock at the same figure, namely, 85.

## CHAPTER VIII.—Tom Takes a Ride in an Auto.

On Tuesday afternoon when Tom returned to the office after taking the day's deposits to the bank, Mallison came out of his room with a small packet in his hand.

"Here, Gibson, I want you a moment," the junior partner said.

"Yes, sir," replied Tom, shoving the bank-book through the cashier's window and then crossing to where Mallison stood.

"Come to the window with me," said the broker. Tom did so.

"See that red auto in front of the building?" said Mallison.

"Yes, sir."

"Take this packet and hand it to the man on the front seat. Understand?"

"Yes, sir. Any answer?"

"No. You needn't come back, as it's nearly time for you to go home, anyway."

"All right, sir," said Tom, taking the packet and leaving the office.

Reaching the sidewalk, he walked over to the red auto.

"You are waiting for a packet from Mr. Mallison, aren't you?" he asked the man who sat on the front seat, and the only person in the vehicle.

"Yes. Got it?"

"Here it is."

"Want a ride?" asked the man, as he took the package.

"That depends," replied Tom.

"On what?"

"Where you are going."

"Straight uptown."

"That will suit me," said the boy.

"Jump in, then."

Tom did so, and the auto started for Broadway. Just then Will Ross came down the street and saw Tom.

"Hello, where are you going in that auto, Tom?" he asked.

"Going home," grinned Tom, as the vehicle swept on.

"Ever rode in an auto before?" asked the chauffeur, glancing back at the young messenger.

"Yes, sir; several times."

"You work for Mallison, eh?"

"For Littleby & Mallison."

"You get off work early."

"Haven't anything more to do. We messengers generally leave around half-past three," said Tom.

"What time do you go to work?"

"Nine o'clock."

"You have a cinch."

"Don't you believe it. We have a strenuous time of it during office hours."

"What do you do?"

Tom explained some of the things he had to do.

"Get over on the front seat and we can talk better," said the man.

Tom changed his seat.

"How far uptown do you live?" asked the chauffeur.

"One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, near Seventh avenue."

"I'm going right up there. We'll go through the park on the way."

That suited Tom first rate. The man made himself so sociable that the boy took quite a fancy to him. They reached the park in due time and rolled through it at regulation speed.

"I'm bound to say this is the finest ride I ever had," said Tom when they came out into Seventh avenue.

"Then what's the matter with you going on up with me to Jerome avenue? It's early yet for you to go home, I should think," said his companion, putting on a bit more speed. "I'm coming back this way in an hour from now, so you won't be inconvenienced any."

"I don't want to impose on you. It was kind of you to give me this ride uptown," said Tom.

"Don't mention it, my dear fellow. I'd rather



have your company than not. It's tiresome taking a spin alone. When we cross the bridge we will be able to go faster. I'll take a chance if the road is clear, and show you what this vehicle is able to do. Well, will you go? Here's your street right ahead. Say quick if you want to get out?"

"You say you'll bring me back this way?"

"Yes, in plenty time for you to get home for supper."

"All right, let her go."

The chauffeur's eyes sparkled with satisfaction as he kept on.

"How far up Jerome avenue are you going?" said Tom as they passed One Hundred and Thirtieth street.

"A little beyond the city line; but it won't take this machine long to cover the distance if the avenue is clear. I suppose you've never gone at a swift rate in one of these things?"

"No, I have not."

"Finest sensation out. Makes your blood dance through your veins, and you feel like whooping things up to the limit."

Tom believed him. This ride had proved a great treat for him, and he enjoyed it more and more as they proceeded. They went over Central Bridge slowly, and were soon in Jerome avenue, a long and splendid thoroughfare. The man let out several notches of speed, and the auto was soon going some.

"How do you like it?"

"Fine!" exclaimed Tom.

Street after street on their right whirled by and was left behind. Occasionally the man slowed down some, then again gave the machine full swing. Before Tom realized how far they had gone the auto spun across the line into Westchester County. The road now took many turns and was not altogether level. The man reduced speed, for there were chances here of colliding with other autos and wagons that were constantly crossing ahead of them. They mounted a small hill occupied by several houses, and then ran down on the other side, passing many other houses, most of them in bunches.

"Only a little ways further," said the man.

Tom was pleased to hear that, as he knew that they had a long trip back before them. Finally they turned in at a small road-house, within sight of many other houses, and stopped.

"I'm going in here," said the man. "I won't be gone long."

Tom nodded and amused himself looking around him. In about five minutes the chauffeur came out with a short, thick-set chap, whose face Tom didn't fancy. The fellow got in the rear seat and the other resumed his old seat.

"I've got to go on about a mile further," he said to Tom. "The man I was to meet here has gone home, and I'll have to go on to his house."

On the whole, it made little difference to him. A mile would soon be covered, and then they would return. The mile was covered in about three minutes, and the machine rolled up alongside of another small public house, standing alone.

"Come in and have a drink with us," said the chauffeur.

"Much obliged, sir, but I don't drink," answered Tom. "I'll wait till you come out."

"Oh, come in and take a soda. That won't hurt you."

Tom allowed himself to be persuaded rather than disappoint the man. The three men entered the road-house. Instead of going to the bar, the chauffeur led the way to a table. Then he told the attendant to bring two whiskies and a plain soda, at the same time giving the man a significant look. The drinks were set before them.

"Here's luck," said the chauffeur, lifting his glass to his lips.

Tom drank the soda down, for he was thirsty, and the other chap made short work of his drink.

"Now I'll see my man, and then we'll go back to the city," said the chauffeur to Tom.

He got up and went out through a side door. Hardly had he disappeared before Tom began to feel decidedly queer. A dull and oppressive sensation came over him.

"I must get into the air," he thought, striving to rise from his chair; but his limbs refused to do duty. They felt as if weighted down with lead. Now the room commenced to swim around him and objects grew indistinct.

His eyes assumed a fishy, expressionless look, and he felt his senses slowly leaving him and drifting out somewhere into the distance. His body tilted over and he would have fallen on the floor only that the chap they had taken up at the first roadhouse caught him. At that moment the chauffeur returned to the room.

"Safe, is he?" he said.

"Look at him," said the other.

"He went under quicker than I expected. You must have given him a stiff dose, Joe," he added to the barkeeper.

"No; just the usual allowance," replied that individual.

"Maybe it had greater effect on him because he isn't a drinker. Lend a hand, Bunker; we must get him into the auto at once, for we've some distance to go."

The two men bore Tom outside and propped him up on the back seat of the vehicle, Bunker taking his place beside him so as to support him with his arm. The chauffeur, whom we may as well say was Mallison's ally—a professional crook named Riggs—sprang into his seat, waved his hand to the barkeeper at the door and, turning on the power, headed the auto up the winding road.

## CHAPTER IX.—Tom Is Treated to a Surprise.

Next morning about seven o'clock Tom opened his eyes, and was astonished to find himself lying on a bed in a strange room. He sat up and looked around him. The sun was streaming in through a closed blind.

"Why, how is this? Where am I at, and what does this mean? How came I here?"

He got off the bed, but as he stood up he felt dizzy and weak. He had to sit down on the edge of the bed till he could pull himself together.

"Gee! What a headache I've got. I'd like to know what has happened to me."

As his brain cleared somewhat he recollected his automobile ride.

"Why, the last thing I remember I was sitting at a table in that roadside house with the hard



looking chap we picked up at a place a mile back. Then it seems to me I felt queer all of a sudden, and then—well, that's all I do remember. Strikes me as singular that I should be taken ill after an automobile ride. I wonder if a swift run of that kind affects some people who are not used to it? The man who brought me out, when he found the condition I was in, must have brought me to this house and left me to be taken care of. I guess that explains matters. I feel a little better now. I'll go downstairs and hunt up the people of the house."

Tom got up, walked around the room first to test his legs, still somewhat unsteady, and finally went to the door. He was surprised to find it locked.

"What did they lock me in for?" he asked himself.

As he couldn't answer the question, he thought he would try and let the people know he was stirring. Accordingly, he knocked loudly on the door. There was no response. He repeated the knock, louder than before, but the house might have been deserted for all the notice he attracted.

He had to give it up as a bad job.

"I guess they must have put me somewhere at the top of the house," he thought. "I'll have to wait till they come up of their own accord."

He went to the window, raised it and opened the blinds.

"Why, thunderation!" he ejaculated. "It's morning. I have probably been here all night. Mother and the girls are surely worried to death over my unexplained absence. Goodness, I wish I had got out at my street and not continued the trip up into Westchester. I wonder what time it is? Seems early from the position of the sun. Maybe the people of the house are still in bed, and that is why they didn't hear me."

The landscape, as far as Tom could see from the window, looked decidedly country. There wasn't a house anywhere near, but he could see houses through the trees at a distance, and still further off the spire of a small church. He caught sight of a section of road where it came out into an open space, and along it was passing a wagon and a team of horses.

What the appearance of the landscape was in the opposite direction he could not say, as it was hidden from him.

"This place must be among the Westchester farms from the looks of it," said Tom. "Well, I wish the people would come and let me out so I can get back to the city. I'm sure to be late at the office this morning, for I'll have to go home and see mother first of all."

Tom took a seat by the window and waited impatiently for some one to come. After what seemed to be an interval of half an hour he got up and pounded on the door again. He had no better luck than before. He returned to the window and stuck his head out. The door on the first floor opened and a coarse-looking boy came out with a tin pail in his hand. He started across the yard toward a country well.

"Hello, below!" shouted down Tom.

The boy turned his gaze up at the top floor window, grinned and kept on.

"Say, tell somebody to come upstairs and let me out of this room, will you?" Tom cried.

The boy paid no further attention to him, but

drew a pail of water and went back into the house.

"He's sure to tell somebody that he saw me at the window, and they'll be up here presently," thought Tom.

Nobody came, however, and the young messenger began to wonder what kind of persons lived in the house.

"I shouldn't think they'd want me here any longer than was necessary," he mused. "Now that I feel comparatively all right again, I'd like to get away."

After what seemed to be an age, Tom heard steps ascending the stairs.

"Somebody is coming at last. Well, it's about time," he said.

He walked over to the door, prepared to leave as soon as it was opened. There appeared to be two persons coming up, judging from the sounds. They reached the landing and crossed to the door. The key was turned in the lock, the door opened, and in walked the hard-looking man who had been given a lift in the auto, followed by the boy Tom had seen in the yard. The latter carried an old worn japanned tray in his hands on which were some dishes with food, and a cup of coffee. The man, whose name we have already mentioned as Bunker, pushed Tom back rather roughly, as he said:

"Here's your breakfast, young feller. Eat hearty, for you won't get nothin' more till night."

"I didn't intend to wait for any breakfast, as I'm anxious to reach the city," said Tom, overlooking the man's push.

"Oh, you didn't, eh?" grinned Bunker. "I guess you'll wait till your hurry is over."

Tom stared at the man in some surprise.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I said, young feller. There's your grub. Pull up that stool and eat it. We'll wait till you get through, as Jonas has to take the dishes away."

"Look here, I don't understand you," said Tom. "I'll eat, of course, since you've been so kind as to take the trouble to bring the food up here, but I can't say that your actions are over friendly."

Bunker made no reply, while the husky lad with him laid the tray on the bed and retired to the door. Tom didn't like the aspect of things, but as he was quite hungry, he concluded to postpone further talk until he had eaten what had been provided for him. He drew up the stool and attacked the piece of round steak, fried potatoes, bread and butter and coffee. He wasted no time over it, and inside of ten minutes had cleaned up all that was on the dishes. Then he got up, pushed back the stool and announced that he was ready to start for the city.

"Pick up the tray, Jonas," said Bunker, shortly.

The husky lad did as he was bid, and walked out of the room with it, and thence on downstairs.

"So you're ready to start for the city, are you?" said Bunker, with a disagreeable grin, as he stood between Tom and the door.

"I am. Time, isn't it?" replied the young messenger.

"Feelin' all right again, eh?"

"Yes. I can't imagine what set me off, unless it was the long ride up here from Wall Street, and I don't see why that should upset me. Do you live here?"



"I live here for the present. How do you like your accommodations?"

"I don't quite catch your meaning."

"How do you like this room for a change?"

"I guess the room is all right, but as I'm in a hurry to go, if you'll lead the way, I'll follow you."

"I don't think you'll follow me, young fellow, at least not for the present."

"Why not?"

"Because you've got to stay here till further notice, see?"

"I've got to stay here!" cried Tom, somewhat taken back.

"That's what I said. This here is your quarters till I get orders to let you go," said Bunker.

"Why should I stay here, and who gave you orders to detain me?"

"That ain't none of your business. Just make the best of it, and you and me'll get along all right. If you start in to make trouble for me, then things won't run to your likin', and you can make up your mind to that. That's all I've got to say now. I'll see you again about dark, when your supper will be brought to you."

Having said all he felt disposed to, Bunker shut the door, locked it and walked downstairs, leaving Tom in a state better imagined than described.

## CHAPTER X.—Confined.

It was certainly a tremendous surprise to Tom to find that he was to be detained in the room against his will. Such a state of things seemed too astonishing for him to figure out. Why should he be held a prisoner there? There must be some reason, but to save his life he couldn't guess what it was. The man had refused to enlighten him, so the object of his confinement would have to remain a mystery for the present.

"It was bad enough for me to be out all night, but to continue away from the city today, and perhaps for several days to come, is simply fierce. Mother and the girls will be wild. They'll have the police looking for me; but the cops will never think to look for me up here, if they take interest enough in the matter to look at all. Then I won't be in town to keep my engagement with Miss Eastlake tonight, and she probably won't be pleased at my failure to turn up. I wonder if I could make my escape?" thought Tom.

As the door appeared to be impassable, Tom went to the window and looked out to see if there were any chances in that direction. He was soon satisfied that it wouldn't pay to drop a matter of thirty feet to the hard ground below. There was no safe way of escape from the window. Evidently his jailor knew that or he would have nailed the window up.

Tom spent an hour trying to pick the lock of the door with the small blade of his penknife, but met with no success. He tested the thickness of the panels to see whether he could smash one with the stool by a blow or two, so that he could get his hand through, reach the key and turn it, but decided that the chances of success were too limited. The noise would doubtless bring his jailor upstairs in time to block his escape.

So Tom seated himself at the window in no cheerful state of mind, and waited for something to turn up that might operate in his favor. Nothing turned up all that weary day. The house might have been vacant for all the sound that came from it. He didn't see either the man or the boy anywhere around until the sun got low down at the other end, or front, of the house, then the husky boy went over to the well and drew a pail of water. He looked up at the third-story window, and seeing Tom's face there, grinned.

Tom felt that it would be useless to try and talk to him, so he made no effort to do so. Finally darkness came, by which time the young messenger was mighty hungry, and then there were steps on the stairs once more coming up. The same two were doubtless coming, and Tom presently saw the flash of a light under the door. The key was turned and the door opened cautiously. Bunker appeared with a cocked revolver in his hand. Evidently he was too foxy to be taken by surprise by the prisoner making a sudden rush.

Had Tom attempted such a trick he would have found himself up against the muzzle of the weapon. The young messenger hadn't considered such a move on account of the odds of two, and was seated at the window when Bunker and Jonas appeared. The tray was again placed on the bed, and he was invited to draw up and eat by the light of a lamp which the man placed on the floor. Tom, without uttering a word, tackled his supper, which consisted of some boiled meat and potatoes, bread and butter, a piece of pie and a cup of coffee.

It tasted good, and he made short work of the meal. Jonas then removed the tray, Bunker shut and locked the door, and once more Tom was left alone. Tom spent another hour at the window, with his gaze on the darkened landscape and his thoughts in New York, and then he turned into the bed and slept serenely till morning. More than a week passed away, and Tom found one day little different from another. He chafed at the restraint, like a caged animal, but it did him about as much good.

Several times he tried to engage the man in conversation for the purpose of learning what was at the bottom of his imprisonment, but Bunker had nothing to say. He received his two meals a day with fair regularity, and he could find no fault with his food.

"I wonder who's putting up for my board for the satisfaction of keeping me here?" he thought. "It's about time something turned up to let me out of this scrape. They say it's a long lane that hasn't a turning, but I don't see any turning in my case yet in sight. If I don't get away from here pretty soon I may find that deal of mine in the soup. L. & M. ought to be booming about this time. From the looks of things I'm not likely to participate in it, and the profits I counted on scooping in will never come my way."

As Tom had built great hopes on his tip, it made him mad to think that he stood a good show of getting left on it. There was a closet in the room, but Tom had merely glanced in to see where the door led to. On the afternoon of the eighth day, while thinking over his hard lot, the idea occurred to him that maybe he could dig his



way out through the closet wall. He immediately went to the closet to see what the prospect was of doing it. While casting his eyes around it he noticed that the ceiling of it was just plain wood, and that there was a trap-door in it, leading, presumably, to the roof.

"If I could reach the roof I might find a way of escaping from the front," he thought.

He had already discovered that his bed was an old-fashioned one, the mattress being supported by slats instead of a spring frame. It struck him that the slats would help him to reach the trap, and then he could get on the roof. He lost no time in getting the slats out of the bed, and stacking them in a slanting direction in the closet, he climbed up, pushed the bolt that held the trap, and threw it open. A little additional agility landed him on the roof. The roof had a gentle slop all around, so it was not dangerous to crawl about on. He was now able to catch a bird's eye view of the surrounding country, and he found that the house fronted on a road, and that there was a village about a mile away. Getting the cardinal points of the compass from the position of the sun, he soon made his calculation of the direction in which New York lay. The house was fitted with three lightning rods attached to a single rod running down one of the front corners. After an inspection of this rod, Tom decided that a person with nerve could make his way from the roof to the ground. It also required good strong fingers and sinewy wrists, for everything depended on the person's ability to hold on to the rod and sustain the weight of his body by his arms alone, for there was no chance for the legs to assist. Practically it was a hand-under-hand job, and Tom believed he was equal to it.

At any rate, he was willing to face considerable risk to get away from his prison. As the chances of discovery might be considerable in the daylight, Tom determined to undertake a risky feat after dark. It would actually be no harder in the dark than in the daylight, for the route was straight ahead, without obstructions. Having taken an accurate survey of the rod, and calculated the chances, Tom returned to the room and replaced most of the slats in their former positions. Then he sat down to await the appearance of his supper. After he had eaten it he would not again be disturbed that night, unless something out of the usual order of things transpired. In the course of an hour Jonas brought up his supper. Bunker accompanied him as usual, for that astute individual was taking no chances with his prisoner.

Tom ate it in silence and then the tray was removed and he was left alone as usual. The Wall Street boy was not going to spoil his chances of escape by being in too much of a hurry. He decided to wait a couple of hours before returning to the roof. He felt confident that he would be able to give his jailer the slip, and he meant to report his imprisonment to the police of the village he had seen from the roof, and have the man and boy arrested.

Then he hoped to be able to get at the bottom of the mystery. The identity of "the man behind" would be likely to come out. Who he could possibly be bothered Tom not a little. It never occurred to him that Littleby & Mallison were implicated in the case, and he subsequently won-

dered why he had not suspected their agency from the first. The only way he could account for leaving them out of his calculations was because they had been too foxy to give him the faintest idea that they contemplated getting back at him for butting into their business. They had endeavored to throw him off his guard by pretending to draw out of the Eastlake matter—Littleby refraining from even calling on Elsie until the boy had been disposed of—and their plan had worked out very well. When Tom judged that sufficient time had elapsed, he once more recovered the slats from the bed, and by their aid made his way to the roof through the trap. It was a fairly bright night, though there was no moon, and there was no fear of the boy making a misstep if he used his eyes.

Making his way to the corner down which the lightning rod ran, standing out from the building about a couple of inches, and thereby affording him the chance to secure a firm grasp on it with his hands, he slowly and cautiously worked himself over the edge until the weight of his body carried him clear, and he hung by his arms alone. He was now fairly embarked on his dangerous journey of forty odd feet.

"If I lose my grip now it will be all up with me," he muttered as he lowered himself hand-under-hand.

It would not do to let himself slide, as the rod had four edges, on which he would be pretty sure to cut his flesh to the bone. It was necessary to keep his wits about him, proceed slowly and carefully, and leave the issue to the strength of his muscles. He felt confident they would stand the strain, though he was bound to hear from them afterward. Down—down he went, the weight on his arms increasing every moment. When he reached the second story he felt he would give anything for a rest. He decided he would try to reach the ledge of the nearest window with his foot and throw his weight on it. He swung his left leg out and touched it.

Then he forced his side against the wall and managed by a great effort to maintain his balance in a very awkward position. It accomplished his object, for it relieved his arms of the strain, and rested them. He stood in this position several minutes, like an insect clinging to the wall, and then continued his progress downward. At a distance of ten feet from the ground his right shoe struck a slightly projecting brick and he got another rest, but only a partial one. After going down a few feet more he was close enough to the ground to take the chances of a backward jump. He landed safely, with freedom before him.

## CHAPTER XI.—Tom Gives Jonas All That Is Coming to Him.

He saw a light burning in the front room, and he judged that his jailer was in there, and possibly the husky boy as well. He thought he'd look in at them. The window was a little too high, so he looked around for something to stand on. He found a large, empty flower pot lying against the foundation. He placed it under the window and stood up on it. He could now see into the room with ease. There were two persons seated at a



table near the window talking. One was Bunker, the other he recognized, with a gasp of surprise, as Edward Mallison.

Like a flash he understood the meaning of his imprisonment. He was the victim of his designing employers.

"The rascals!" he muttered. "So this is the way they get back at me. All right, I'll fix them for it. They think with me out of the way they'll have a clear field to work their purposes against Miss Eastlake and her father. Well, I'm free, and I shall treat them to a nice little surprise."

He was treated to a nice little surprise himself, however, for at that moment a pair of stout arms encircled his body and he was yanked off his perch.

He struggled to escape, but his captor held him fast.

"I've got you, he, he, he! You can't get away from me. Back you'll go to your room, and I'll bet you don't get out again," cried the voice of Jonas in his ear.

It was certainly hard luck to be recaptured on the threshold of freedom, and Tom was as mad as a hornet. He wasn't going to give up without a desperate struggle. He was up against a husky lad, older than himself, but the fellow wasn't near as active or clever. He depended on his muscle, and having secured a bear's grip on Tom, he had all the advantage in his favor. But he had to maintain it to conquer the stalwart Wall Street boy. Finding that the more he struggled the tighter Jonas hugged him, Tom stopped.

"I thought you'd give in," chuckled the husky youth, with great satisfaction. "I saw you come down that lightning-rod, and laid for you. Gosh! but you've got a nerve. I wouldn't do it for a hundred dollars."

Evidently Jonas regarded \$100 as a small fortune.

"I was out here on the watch while Bunker was talkin' with the gent inside, that's how I come to see you. If you'd waited an hour or so you'd got clean off," continued Jonas. "How did you ever get on the roof?"

"Find out," answered Tom, shortly.

"Oh, Bunker'll find out, don't you worry. Gosh! He'll be mad, all right, and I wouldn't be surprised if he gave you a good lickin' with a cow-hide he's got in the kitchen."

"He'd better not," gritted Tom.

"Better not, eh? He, he, he! He'll do as he pleases as long as he's got charge of you. He's a tough customer. I know it, for I've been with him for some time. He licked me, and I'm bigger and stronger'n you. Gosh! how that whip hurts. Jest like you was gettin' burned with a hot iron."

While Jonas was speaking, his grasp on Tom unconsciously relaxed. He felt sure of the boy, because he was almost a head taller, and more burly. In his opinion he could easily handle his prisoner. But that was where he made a great mistake. Size and strength aren't everything. Headwork goes a good deal further sometimes. While Jonas was crowing over his captive, Tom was thinking, and thinking quick. He wasn't going back to that third-story room if he could help himself. He thought he could help himself if he could only wriggle his body out of the husky youth's grasp, or even if he could twist around. Quick as a flash he made the attempt

"No, you don't," cried Jonas, gripping him tight again.

Nevertheless, Tom had succeeded in turning around and getting his right arm free. The hug that Jonas gave him nearly took the breath out of him. He could almost feel his ribs crack under it.

"Give up now and quit your foolin'. You ain't got the ghost of a show with me," said the big youth.

"Haven't I?" replied Tom.

"No, and you ought to see—oh, lord!"

The exclamation was wrung from him by a short jab that Tom gave him in the solar plexis, the spot famous by a noted prize-fighter in a ring battle with the holder of the heavyweight championship at the time, and the blow won the fight for him. It also won the day, or rather night, for Tom. Jonas was taken so by surprise that he released his prisoner. Tom took advantage of the fact not to run away in the darkness, as he might easily have done, but to put his husky antagonist out of business. The Wall Street boy felt he owed Jonas something for his rough-house treatment of him, and he proceeded to settle the score at once. Before Jonas recovered from the jab, Tom smashed him in the jaw with his left fist, and followed the blow up with a whack on the other side that rattled his teeth like a pair of castanets.

"Oh!" cried Jonas. "Let up, will you?"

A smash between the eyes was the answer he got. That got him mad in earnest, and he tried to hit Tom a vicious swipe in the head, but the boy dodged the blow easily, and then retreated toward the back of the house, his object being to draw Jonas in that direction, so that the scrap would not attract the attention of Bunker and Mallison, in the front room. His ruse succeeded, and the husky lad followed him up with blood in his eyes, fully intended to half kill the Wall Street lad. He was confident that his size and weight would win, and he did not believe that Tom would be able to touch him again. He made a rush, thinking to down the other, but Tom side stepped and he went by like a plunging bull. As he passed he received a tremendous smash in his damaged jaw that brought a howl from him.

"I'll kill you, gosh blame you!" he roared.

Tom laughed tantalizingly and retreated toward the back fence. Jonas followed him up, and when Tom thought they had gone far enough he stopped, and, jumping at the youth, went for him hammer and tongs. Thrown suddenly on the defensive, Jonas swung his arms wildly about like the sails of a Dutch windmill in a gale. Tom broke down such an awkward protection and smashed his enemy with impunity, springing out of range of the sledge-hammer swings that came at him in an aimless fashion. The greater rage Jonas worked himself into the easier he was to handle.

Finally stung into madness, he lowered his head and rushed at Tom like a mad bull, hoping to annihilate him with one onslaught. Tom sprang aside, but Jonas kept on and struck the rail fence a tremendous whack. The fence stood it bravely, but the husky lad's head was not so hard, and he went down stunned, the blood flowing from a nasty wound on his forehead. The fight was over, and in a way that pleased the victor greatly, for he could retire leisurely from the



field without fear of pursuit. Leaving his antagonist where he lay, Tom walked around to the front gate and let himself out into the road. The light still burned in the front room where the two men were talking, unconscious of the trouble that had taken place in the yard. In front of the gate stood a red automobile. Tom recognized it as the same machine in which he had taken his ride.

Evidently it was the property of Mallison, and had been lent by him to the man who had fooled Tom so neatly, and was thus enabled to whisk him out of the city in broad daylight. Tom didn't know a whole lot about autos, but he knew how to start and stop them, and a few other facts about their mechanism. It didn't take him but a minute to decide to appropriate the vehicle and ride back to the city in it. He stepped into it and started it. The noise it made in getting under way attracted the attention of Mallison and Bunker, and they came to the window and looked out. They caught a glimpse of the machine running off down the road. They grabbed their hats and rushed out, but by the time they reached the gate, the auto was out of sight around a turn in the road.

## CHAPTER XII.—Tom Reaches Home.

At that hour the road was deserted, and Tom, gaining confidence as he proceeded, let out speed, and whirled along at a fast clip that made his blood tingle and his cheeks glow in the night breeze.

"This is where I score a point on Mallison," he exclaimed with great satisfaction. "But wait till I get back in earnest at him and Littleby. I suppose they've got a new office boy long before this. They are welcome to him. I wouldn't work for that firm any longer for a gold mine. If I can only manage to expose them to the Street, I'll feel that I've had ample revenge. However, I'll be satisfied if I keep Littleby away from Miss Eastlake and show up Mallison to her father. She's a fine girl—too fine altogether to become an old man's darling, even if that old man is rolling in money. It wouldn't be so bad if Littleby was a real gentleman, and worthy of a woman's respect, and such love as she could give him, but he isn't. He's an old rascal to the core of his heart, and he's sent many a decent man to the wall. If all the lambs who have been taken in by Littleby, even before Mallison became his partner, were to parade in front of his office some fine day, the sight would be an object lesson to Wall Street."

The auto entered the village at this point. Tom didn't believe it worth while to waste the time to hunt up the rural police department and enter his complaint against Bunker. Before they got to the house his escape would probably become known and the man would make himself scarce. In fact, the disappearance of the automobile would lead to an investigation that would show he had got away. So Tom kept on through the village, and soon left behind him. A long piece of straight and level road ahead tempted him to put on more speed, and he was soon going at thirty miles an hour. He met no one for miles. The first vehicle he came across was a

touring auto on the outskirts of the next village. He steered by in safety, and then cut off power some as he struck a shady street that turned off to the right a little way ahead. Seeing a man coming along the walk, he stopped and asked him what place he was in. The pedestrian told him.

"Will this road take me down to the New York City line?"

"Yes, if you don't get off on a branch one."

"What time is it?"

"About ten."

Tom thanked him and started on again. After the man's hint he was careful to scan every cross-road he came to closely to make sure that he did right to keep straight on. As the road was pretty clear of other vehicles, he was able to maintain a good speed, and at last he came to the public house where he had been persuaded to go in for a glass of soda, after drinking which he had become dizzy and unconscious. It was clear to him now that the soda had been drugged by the order of the chauffeur, as a part of the scheme arranged to make him a prisoner and convey him easily to the house from which he had just made his escape. After passing that road-house Tom felt that the rest of the trip to the city would be easy for him, for he recollected all the landmarks he had passed. Three minutes later he came up to the first road-house they had stopped at, where Bunker had got into the auto.

Right ahead of him was the hill they had gone up and come down. Tom was over it in no time with the city line a short way ahead. Passing that, he got into Jerome avenue, and here he put on speed again. In due time he reached Central Bridge, crossed it, and rolled down Seventh avenue at a pretty clip, but taking care not to go too fast lest he be held up and arrested. Finally he turned into West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street and pulled up before the door of his flat. Springing out, he rang his flat bell with his familiar double ring. It was now between eleven and twelve, but he guessed he'd have little trouble in arousing his mother, who he was satisfied had slept little since his mysterious disappearance. In a few moments he heard the answering click, click, click of the door lock.

He pushed open the door and dashed upstairs like a whirlwind. His flat was on the third floor, and his mother was on the dimly-lighted landing. In spite of the gloom of the stairs she knew his upcoming figure and shrieked:

"It's Tom! It's Tom! Oh, Tom, where have you been?"

He grabbed her in his arms now and choked off further questions with several kisses. Over her shoulder as she hugged him crying in his arms he spied two forms behind her in the doorway. He recognized them at once. They were Mr. Eastlake and his daughter. As Tom found out later, they had called on her almost every evening after they heard that the boy was missing, doing their best to comfort and encourage her. Mr. Eastlake had several detectives out looking for him, and a general alarm had been sent to the force of the four boroughs to be on the lookout for a boy of his description. Altogether, the Eastlakes had been a tower of strength to the unhappy widow in her trouble, and she was very grateful to them.

"Oh, Tom, where have you been?" asked his



mother, as he released her and stepped over to greet Miss Eastlake and her father, whom he was surprised, but pleased to see there.

"I've been in Westchester County. I was kidnaped up there in the cleverest way you ever heard of. Come inside and I'll tell you all about it. By the way, where are Nellie and Annie?" asked Tom, looking around for his sisters.

"I sent them to bed an hour ago, and they're asleep. It isn't necessary to disturb them, for they'll see you in the morning," said Mrs. Gibson.

"All right, mother. It is very kind of you, Mr. Eastlake, and you, too, Miss Eastlake, to call and see my mother under the circumstances."

"You don't know how kind they have been," said his mother. "I don't know what I should have done but for them. They heard about your disappearance last Friday through an item in the paper after I called twice on the police. They came over to see me that evening. And they have called nearly every evening since, and Miss Eastlake has been here on three afternoons, too, to see if I had heard anything about you. Mr. Eastlake has got two or three detectives to take up the case. Now tell us all about yourself. Were you really kidnaped? By whom, and why?"

"Yes, I was kidnaped in broad daylight, though I'll have to acknowledge that I was an accessory to the fact, for I went along with the man voluntarily, otherwise he couldn't have got me," replied Tom, who thereupon began his story with the invitation he received from the chauffeur in the red auto down in Wall Street.

"I only expected to be carried up to Harlem, within a few blocks of home," went on Tom; "but after we came out of the park into Seventh avenue, he asked me if I didn't want to go up to the city line with him, promising to bring me back in time for me to connect with my supper. As it was early, and I was rather taken with my ride in the auto, I consented to go, and that's where I put my foot in it."

Tom described his trip up to Westchester, told how they had stopped at a road-house, taken a hard-looking man aboard, and then gone on to a road-house a mile further on.

"The chauffeur insisted that I get out with him and the other chap and take a drink," said Tom. "I said I didn't drink, but he suggested that plain soda wouldn't hurt me. We sat down at a table, and I drank the soda; but as it turned out it was a trap set for me, for the soda was drugged, and soon lost my senses. When I came to myself it was morning, and I was a prisoner in a room on the third floor of a house out in a country locality."

"My gracious!" cried his mother.

Tom went on to tell about the eight days he had passed in the room, with seemingly no chance of escape, and ignorant of the reason why he was there. Then he told how that afternoon he had discovered a way to reach the roof, and how the presence of the lightning-rod running down to the ground suggested to him how he could get away if he had nerve to trust his life to that risky air route.

"But you didn't do it, Tom," exclaimed his mother, anxiously.

"Yes, I did, or I wouldn't be here now," he replied.

"Why, you might have been killed."

"Don't worry about that now, mother. The fact that I am sitting here telling you my story is positive proof that I wasn't injured even a little bit."

Elsie Eastlake looked at Tom earnestly. She appreciated the feat he had gone through, and her opinion of his courage rose to a still higher mark.

"When I reached the ground I saw a light in one of the first floor windows," continued Tom, "and curious to see if my jailer was in there, I mounted a flower-pot and looked into the room. He was there, and who do you think was with him?"

"I couldn't guess," replied Mrs. Gibson.

"Mr. Edward Mallison, the junior member of the firm I work for."

"Is it possible?" said his mother. "Had he found out where you were and come to secure your release?"

"Not at all," said Tom, looking at Elsie, in a significant way. "He had come there, in my opinion, to see if my jailer was keeping a careful watch on me."

"Why, Tom, how can you say that?" ejaculated Mrs. Gibson.

"Because I believe it's the truth. My employers, Littleby & Mallison, are responsible for my abduction, and I'm going to make them sweat for it if I can prove the fact against them."

His mother fairly gasped at this, but Elsie, after what Tom had told her concerning his run-in with the firm on her and her father's account, was not surprised.

"At any rate, I have one point against Mallison. I've got his automobile downstairs now in front of the door. I found it standing in front of the house, and I ran away with it in order to get home as soon as I could. I shall put it in a garage in One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street by and by, and send him word where it is. Then he can reclaim it."

Tom then told about his fight with Jonas and his ride to the city. By that time it was close onto one o'clock, and Mr. Eastlake said that he and Elsie would have to go.

"I'll take you home in the auto," said Tom, "and I'll leave it at the garage on my way back."

Tom led the way downstairs, and when they reached the machine he asked the girl if she would like to ride with him on the front seat. She smiled and said "Yes," so he assisted her in. On the way over to Madison avenue Tom asked her if she had seen anything of Littleby during his enforced absence.

"He called on me twice, but I refused to see him, she answered. "Then he wrote me a letter which I returned to him with a short reply that gave him to understand I was not desirous of having anything further to do with him. He then sent Mr. Mallison to see me. I accorded him a brief interview, and told him plainly that I would not accept his partner's attentions under any circumstances. He said he was sorry to hear it, as he feared Mr. Littleby would use means to force me to marry him that he did not approve of. He hinted that the means involved my father, and advised me to reconsider my decision. I told him that if Mr. Littleby was so base as to try to tempt my father to drink, I would take some action that would make him regret it. I haven't seen or heard from either of



the gentlemen since, and I have warned my father to be on his guard against any man, friend or stranger, who invited him to go into a saloon."

"That's right, Miss Eastlake. With your permission I will call on you to-morrow evening, and tell your father to remain home, as what I have to say concerns you both. By kidnaping me, Littleby & Mallison have broken faith with me, and I intend to disclose to you and your father all I overheard them say in their office as to their plans for forcing you into marriage with Littleby," said Tom.

It didn't take long for the auto to carry the Eastlakes home, and then wishing them good-night, Tom went back, leaving the auto at the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street garage.

### CHAPTER XIII.—Tom Makes More Dollars.

The first thing Tom did next morning was to run out and buy a Wall Street journal that was for sale at the corner news-stand. He opened it at the page on which was printed the previous day's market report, and he ran his eye down the list till it came to L. & M. He almost gave a shout when he saw that it was quoted at 105; or twenty points higher than he had bought it at. That meant \$3,000 to the good.

"I'll get right downtown after breakfast and order my shares sold, as I guess it's nearly as high as it's likely to go."

At the breakfast-table he read over the most important news of the Street. There was a good deal in about the boom in L. & M., and the editor intimated that it was likely to go as high as 110 from the surface indications and general strength of the market.

The financial page of Tom's regular daily also prophesied a further rise in L. & M., as well as higher prices for other important stocks. Tom started for Wall Street at nine o'clock. He had no intention of reporting for duty at his office. He was through with Littleby & Mallison for good. He could afford to shake the job, as he counted himself worth \$4,500 at that moment.

He was undecided whether to look up another position or devote his time to speculating on his own hook. At any rate, there was no hurry, and he would think the matter over after he had closed out his present deal.

Tom was sitting in the waiting-room of the little bank on Nassau street facing the long black-board on which were chalked up the previous day's closing quotations of the principal stocks, when the Exchange opened for business, and the first quotations of the day began coming in.

L. & M. was, of course, the stock most eagerly looked for, and it opened at 102½. It ran up to 107 and a fraction inside of twenty minutes, and then Tom went to the margin clerk's window and ordered his shares sold.

He figured that he would make \$3,300, and he shook hands with himself and sat down again, with a load off his mind, to watch how things went. L. & M. went to 109¾, and then began to fluctuate. It was still fluctuating when Tom left to go to lunch.

He met two or three of his messenger friends on the way, and each stopped long enough to

inquire where he had been for the past week or so. He made the same reply to all—that he had been up in Westchester taking a lay-off.

"Were you sick?" asked one.

"I was sick of the place I was stopping at."

"Why did you stay, then?"

"Because I couldn't help myself."

The boy went off under the impression that Tom had been visiting some sick relative, and that duty, not inclination, kept him there. Everybody was busy in Wall Street those days, as business was booming. Tom was rather glad that he had nothing to keep him on the run. He ate his lunch leisurely, and then walked outside to see how things were doing on the Curb. Business was pretty good there, too, though there was no boom on in any particular stock. After watching the curb brokers a while, Tom crossed the street to the Postal Telegraph Building, wrote a note to Mallison, telling him where his automobile was, and sent it to his office by a messenger.

When he came out he met Will Ross, spinning along with a message in his hand.

"Hello, stranger, where have you been for the last week?" asked Will.

"Taking a vacation," replied Tom, going along with him.

"Sure. You saw me go off in the boss's auto, didn't you?"

"What, Littleby's?"

"No; Mallison's."

"When I yelled at you, you said you were going home."

"I know, but I went up into Westchester instead."

"I guess you didn't go on any vacation. You went on some business for your firm."

"All right; we'll let it go at that."

They had reached the building Will was bound for, so Tom left him. That evening Tom called on the Eastlakes according to his arrangement. He found father and daughter awaiting him.

Tom told them of Littleby's scheme to take advantage of Mr. Eastlake's weakness for drink with the view of forcing Elsie to accept him in order to save her father.

"It is very good of you to tell us this," said the girl, "but it is no news to me. Mr. Littleby made the same threat to me the day I came to the office after my father, and you brought him in under the influence of liquor."

"Is that so?" replied Tom, rather disappointed that he was not the first to impart her the information.

"Yes, but we are just as much obliged to you, Mr. Gibson. You might prove of value to us as a witness against Mr. Littleby if we needed your testimony."

"If I can be of any service to you in any way you may be sure I will," replied Tom, earnestly.

"Thank you. I know we can depend on you."

"You certainly can. The kindness you and your father showed to my mother while I was away is something I greatly appreciate, and if I can ever repay—"

"Don't talk about repaying us for any little service like that. Remember, you saved my life, or at least prevented me from being seriously injured, the evening you were hit by that auto, and neither my father nor I can ever forget it."



Mr. Eastlake went to his library and left Tom and Elsie together. The two young people spent a very enjoyable evening in each other's company, and Tom did not leave until eleven o'clock.

His mother was waiting up for him.

"A well-dressed man called to see you just after you went to call on the Eastlakes," she told him.

"Did he leave his name?"

"Yes. His name is Dunne. He said he came from the office. There is a note on the mantel he brought."

Tom recognized Dunne as the second bookkeeper at Littleby & Mallison's. He opened the note and found it was from Littleby. That gentleman said he had heard he had turned up after having been reported as missing from his home for the last eight days, and he wanted to know why Tom had not come to the office that day.

"Gee! He's got a colossal nerve to try and bluff things out, just as if he didn't know where I was, and why I was away," said the boy. "He'll wait a long time before I report, you can bet your life."

Next morning as Tom was standing in front of the Exchange he saw Mallison coming along.

The broker's sharp eyes singled him out and he came up to him.

"Are you coming back to the office, young man?" he asked, watching Tom intently.

"No, sir, I'm not," replied the boy.

"Why not?"

"You ought to know."

"Why should I?"

"What's the use of pretending ignorance, Mr. Mallison. You know that the cause of my absence during the last few days was a put-up job on the part of you and Mr. Littleby."

"Nonsense!"

"No nonsense about it. It's a fact. I require no further proof of it than having seen you the night before last talking to my jailer in the front room of the Westchester house where I was held a prisoner."

"You saw me there?"

"I did."

"You must be crazy, young man."

"I saw you all right, and your red auto was standing in front of the gate. I took the liberty of getting into it and riding back to the city. I sent you word yesterday where you could find it. Your little game was not a success. It gave me a lot of inconvenience, but that is all it amounted to. It didn't help Mr. Littleby in his scheme to force Miss Eastlake into a marriage with him. By working that trick on me you broke faith with me, so I do not consider myself any longer bound to keep secret that I overheard between you and your partner that afternoon. If the facts become generally known among the brokers, I don't think you and Mr. Littleby would find your reputation improved by it."

"Look here, Gibson, what will you take to shut your mouth?"

"I told you I am not taking a bribe."

"I know you did, but you offered to keep silent if Mr. Littleby gave up his purpose to marry Miss Eastlake."

"I did, and I meant it; but Mr. Littleby did not take me up. That's where he was foolish, for I guess Miss Eastlake and her father can protect themselves now. At any rate, if Mr. Littleby

annoys her further, or any attempt is made to induce Mr. Eastlake to break the temperance pledge he has taken in the presence of his daughter, there is going to be trouble for your partner, and maybe for yourself, too."

Tom spoke in a determined way that impressed Mallison with the idea that his words were no idle ones.

"Look here, Gibson, you've got the whip hand of us, in a way. Let us come to an understanding. Since you heard my interview with Littleby, you must be aware that I have the power to coerce him when I choose to exert it. Now, I can't afford to let his foolish infatuation for that girl hurt the firm's reputation, so if you'll agree to keep mum, I'll promise to make Littleby give the young lady up. I can do it, and I will do it."

"It is too late to make any bargain with me now. Miss Eastlake and her father are in a position to defy your partner. However, I am willing to accept your word if you really mean it, for I wouldn't gain anything by showing you two gentlemen up as you deserve. If you make Mr. Littleby haul in his horns, I'll keep silent about what has happened."

"It's a bargain," said Mallison. "I'm a full half partner in the business now, and the power behind the throne. Littleby shall bother Miss Eastlake no more. As for her father, he's perfectly safe from us. Are you satisfied?"

"I am, but I'll keep my eyes open to see that you keep your agreement."

"You needn't worry. I'll see that Littleby keeps his hands off."

"All right, sir; as long as he does there'll be no trouble," said Tom, and that ended the interview.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

The next time Tom called on Elsie he told her about the agreement Mallison had made with him.

"I've an idea you're safe from further molestation on Littleby's part," he said. "Mallison is not interested in his love matters, and won't let it interfere with business. He can make Littleby knuckle down to his wishes, and as it is to his interest to do so, I guess he has laid the law down to his partner in a way that has settled the matter."

"I hope so," replied the girl. "I shall always be grateful to you for the interest you have taken in me and my father, and neither of us will ever forget it."

A few days afterward Tom thought he saw a chance to increase his store of dollars by buying N. & O. He bought 400 shares of the stock at 75, held it a week, and then sold out at a profit of about \$6 a share. That little coup raised his capital to \$7,000. He told Elsie about his good luck, and then said that if her father found himself short when the interest came due on the mortgage, he would lend him the money, or a portion of it, to pay Littleby.

The girl expressed her thanks, and replied that her father was getting on his feet again, and he did not anticipate having any difficulty in meeting all his financial engagements.

"I'm glad to hear it, Miss—Elsie, if you will permit me to call you by your first name; but I



made the offer because I desired to be of service to you in case you needed it," said Tom.

She thanked him with her eyes, and after that they became better friends than ever. Some days later he brought her his picture and asked her if he might have one of herself in exchange. He got one and gave it a prominent place on his bureau. She put his photo on her dressing-case where she could see it at all times when in her room, and it is safe to say that she looked at it very often, for her heart was taking a great interest in the boy who had done so much for her.

Having been so successful in the market, Tom didn't look for another position, but spent a good portion of his time at the little bank in Nassau street, watching the trend of stocks. When he wasn't there he was down at the Curb. One day he got hold of a tip on a certain Western mine. The stock was selling at fifty cents a share.

He bought 10,000 shares of it outright.

If the information he had secured turned out to be the correct thing he stood to double his money. The firm of brokers he bought it from had the shares transferred to his name, according to the custom of the Street. He was told when to call for them, and at the appointed time he went to the office of the brokers, which was in a big building on Exchange Place just below Broad street. He received the stock in an oblong envelope, which he put in his pocket and started to leave.

At that time Will Ross, his friend, was coming up Exchange Place, with his leather bag hanging to one of his shoulders by the long strap. The bag contained a number of certificates of O. & W. shares he had just received at the transfer office on the third floor of the Delmonico restaurant building, which he was taking back to his office.

Will frequently carried considerable sums of money in that bag, too, but on this occasion he had none with him. As he reached the building where Tom had entered shortly before, two men, who had shadowed him from the restaurant, suddenly slipped closed in on him, bumping him so hard that the bag slipped off his arm to the sidewalk. The boy had no idea that he had been jostled intentionally, but nevertheless he felt like calling the men down. As he was about to pick up the bag he received another push that sent him a couple of feet away. Then the real intention of the fellows became evident. As one of the rascals seized Will and held him off, the other reached for the boy's bag. At that moment Tom appeared at the door. Taking in the situation at a glance, he dashed forward and knocked the man over.

The fellow went sprawling on the sidewalk, and Tom took advantage of the fact to snatch up the bag. He then sprang on the man's back and held him down.

"Help me, Jim," cried the rascal, finding that he could not dislodge Tom.

The other released Will, and ran to his pal's aid. Will followed him and landed a blow on his ear which tumbled him into the gutter.

"Hello, Will, is that you?" cried Tom.

"Why, hello, Tom. You came just in time to help me out," responded Will.

Two men who had seen the trouble from the corner of Broad street came running to the scene,

and others came from the opposite direction. Their movements attracted attention, and more people followed to see what the trouble was about. In this way a crowd began to collect around the boys and the two thieves. Tom held his chap down and Will prevented the other from getting away. In a few minutes a stalwart policeman appeared and, learning the facts, arrested the men.

The boys were requested to follow to the station. There they told their stories, and the crooks were locked up. The police retained the bag and its contents as evidence, and Will had to go back to his office and report the fact.

Next morning the boys were at the Tombs Police Court to testify against the men. The fellows were remanded for the action of the Grand Jury, and ultimately were convicted of the crime and sent up the river. Tom now hovered around the Curb Exchange to watch the fortunes of his mining stock. He was not disappointed in his expectations that he would make a good thing out of it. The price advanced by degrees and he felt proportionately elated. He called regularly twice a week on Elsie, and the girl was greatly interested in his success in the market. Her father also expressed hopes that he would come out at the top of the ladder.

"If I had chosen a different brokerage firm, I might have done better myself," he said, "for I more than suspect that I was outrageously robbed by Littleby & Mallison from first to last. Of course, the main object of Littleby was to secure my daughter for his wife; but I'm glad to say he failed completely in that. She were better dead than the wife of such an old rascal."

At length the mining stock reached \$1.10 a share, and Tom sold out, clearing five thousand dollars, and raising his capital share to \$12,000.

"That isn't much as things go in Wall Street," he told Elsie, "but still it is considerable for a young fellow like me to make in a short time."

"Well, you seem to be quick to make the dollars," she answered with a smile.

"I'd rather win something else than any number of dollars," he said, earnestly.

"What is that?" she asked, unsuspectingly.

"Do you want me to tell you?"

"Not if you don't care to."

"I'd like to, but it takes nerve."

"I never thought you lacked that," she laughed. "I mean, of course, the right kind of nerve—true courage."

"Thank you, Elsie. You are very kind to say so. Then I will make bold to tell you that what I would give the world to win is your love."

"Oh, Tom!" she exclaimed with a deep blush.

"I mean it, dear. I love you with my whole heart, and shall always love you whether you accept me or not. Of course, I'm not old enough nor well enough off to ask you to marry me, but if you will give me hope I feel sure the time will come when I will be in a position to take care of you as well as you are now taken care of. The knowledge that you care for me will encourage me to mount the ladder of success, and I will feel happy in knowing that you are interested in that success, too. May I hope, Elsie?"

"Yes, Tom, you may. I will not deny that I care for you, have cared for you almost from the day we first met," she replied softly.



"Do you care enough to wait for me? In other words, do you love me?"

He placed his arm around her and she made no resistance when he drew her to him.

"Do you, Elsie?" he repeated.

"Yes, I love you very, very dearly," she said, dropping her head on his shoulder.

A thrill of joy ran through his veins. He raised her face to his and their lips met in the first blissful kiss of young love. Neither ever forgot that evening, and neither ever wished to. Some days later Tom hired desk room in a Wall Street office so as to secure the privilege of having his letters sent there. That was much better than "having his office in his hat," as the saying is.

A week later Tom decided that O. & H. stock looked good for a profit, and he purchased 1,000 shares on margin, putting up \$10,000 as a deposit on the deal. When it rose a point and a quarter two days later, he sold at once, and added another \$1,000 to his working capital.

"That's quick to get the dollars for fair," he said to himself. "I worked the deal just right, for I see the stock has dropped back a point since I sold."

Of course he lost no time in letting Elsie know by mail of his continued luck, for he knew the girl would be delighted with the news. His mother and sisters knew that Elsie had promised to marry him in two years, and they were greatly pleased, as Elsie was a great favorite with them.

The next time he visited the girl of his heart she had good news to tell him. Her father had secured a contract to supervise the construction of a large office building uptown on the plans he had submitted in competition with other architects, and it was sure to bring him in a lot of money.

"Your father may recover all his lost wealth," he said after she had told him.

"I hope so," she said. "He deserves to, for he's the best father in the whole world."

"But if he gets rich he may not consider me a suitable husband for you, dear."

"You foolish boy!" she cried, throwing her arms about his neck. "Just as if money would make any difference with me."

"Not with you, I am sure; but with him, perhaps."

"My happiness is what he will consider, not the size of the bank roll my intended husband can offer. Don't be afraid, dear; I will have you or nobody."

And the look in her beautiful eyes assured him that she meant it. Tom liked his new independence immensely, particularly as it was bringing in the dollars at a rate that suited him from the ground floor up. But he could hardly expect to be always so lucky. Every lane has its turning, and disappointment was sure to be his sooner or later.

But the idea of the game going against him was harder now for him to think of because he was working for Elsie. Every dollar he won brought him so much nearer to her. To lose was to raise an obstruction between them. At least that is the way he regarded it, though she did not, and kept assuring him that no matter how fortune treated him, she would always be his, and his only. Fortunately he was a "live" boy, and never went to sleep at any stage of the game,

and as luck favored him he was quick to get the dollars. So weeks ran into months, and one year from the day Elsie promised to be his wife he told her he was worth \$50,000. A year later he was worth \$100,000, for money, rightly directed, makes money. Then he presented himself before Mr. Eastlake one evening and asked for the hand of his daughter. This was a mere matter of form, for the architect, now well off again, had known for a year that his daughter was to all intents and purposes engaged to the plucky boy who had saved her life.

"She's yours," said Mr. Eastlake with a smile, "for there seems to be no doubt about your ability to support her properly."

"Not the slightest," answered Tom, promptly.

And so the prettiest girl in New York and the "live" boy who was quick to get the dollars were quietly married in "the little church around the corner," and to this day their happiness is an object lesson to their friends and acquaintances.

Next week's issue will contain "A BARREL OF COIN; OR, THE LUCK OF A BOY TRADER."

## 1902 WILL FOUND IN CABINET DISPOSES OF LAWYER'S ESTATE

In a century-old cabinet the will of the late Charles Haines of Bedford Hills, dean of the Westchester County Bar Association, was found and is on file for probate with Surrogate George A. Slater.

The testament was dated May 23, 1902, and was penned by the farmer-lawyer on plain foolscap. The will gives his entire estate, worth \$25,000, to his housekeeper, the late Kate Burke, who died several weeks before Mr. Haines's death. In the event of her death, the remainder of the estate is to be divided among the children of the decedent's cousins, Matthew Haines, Israel Haines and Samuel R. Haines.

Shortly after the death of Mr. Haines, his friends asserted that Mr. Haines had torn up his will, following his housekeeper's death.



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# TRUTHFUL JAMES

or

## The Boy Who Would Not Drink

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

### CHAPTER X

#### George and Jimmy Meet After the Speech

George winced several times as the words went home to him; but nothing that he said was insulting, it all being as respectful as though coming from the judge, as well as those in the audience, was surprised at the forceful language that Jimmy used.

Some two or three times he made some humorous remark that set both audience and judge to roaring with laughter, and as it was at George's expense, the latter grimly suppressed a smile and bore the sarcasm of the speech with as good grace as he could.

Several in the courtroom thought they could read in George's flashing eye a determination to get even with Jimmy the next time he caught him out of the court-house.

The judge laughed so heartily that he removed his glasses and laid them on the table in front of him in order to wipe his eyes. Jimmy picked them up, adjusted them on his own nose, and, looking sternly down at George, said:

"And now, in conclusion, prisoner at the bar, I think it fit to give you some good advice which, if you heed and follow, will tend to make you a better friend, a better son and an honor to the community," and then he proceeded to give George some sage advice, which might have been expected to come from the judge himself under similar circumstances; then, turning to the judge, he gravely thanked him for the opportunity of saying a few words for the benefit of his friends.

Then the crowd broke into uproarious applause, and the judge sprang to his feet, seized the gavel and rapped for order.

Order quickly followed, for everybody feared the judge, as he had presided in that locality for several years, and sent many parties to jail for disorderly conduct.

As soon as order was restored the judge proceeded to give them a talk. He said that the speech which Jimmy had made was the most truthful, most earnest and most commendable one to which it had been his fortune to listen in many years, and that he hoped it would have a good effect upon every one who had listened to it.

He predicted that Jimmy's fellow citizens would finally put him in his place, and hoped they would not wait until the next election for taking the proper steps for so doing.

"Here and now," said he, "I tender to him the use of this court-room, in which he can speak on the temperance question whenever he feels so disposed, and I hope the citizens of the community will invite him to speak from the same platform at an early date."

The audience applauded the sentiment wildly.

The judge then announced that the case which was to be tried that day would then be called.

He said that all those who didn't wish to stay and hear it were at liberty to retire, and about half the crowd instantly left the court-room, principally to discuss Jimmy's speech and to hear what George Williams had to say about it.

"Hang the fellow," muttered George, downstairs. "Did you ever hear of such a thing before? I'd like nothing better than to wring the judge's neck for playing that trick on me. I don't blame Jimmy. The judge has always been a great friend of his mother, and hanged if I don't believe Jimmy had that speech all prepared, for he talked as well as the judge could himself."

"No, George," said an old farmer, "Jimmy always was a good talker; but hanged if he didn't surprise me. And look at the gall of the boy! As soon as the judge laid down his spectacles Jimmy picked them up and placed them on his nose."

"Yes," retorted George, "and he had the impudence to look down on me like a judge sentencing a prisoner."

"Oh, you just wait," he added, after a pause. "I'll get even with him for that and don't you forget it."

"Well, George," said the farmer, "let me give you a little mite of advice. Don't you tackle Jimmy again inside of the judge's circuit, for if you do, he will send you to jail sure."

"No, he can't send me to jail unless I commit some criminal act. He can send a man to jail for disorderly conduct."

Jimmy, by invitation of the judge, who feared that the effect of Jimmy's speech on the prisoner might provoke trouble if he went downstairs, took a seat by that official on the bench.

"Jimmy," said he, "you did that well; but I'm surprised that you didn't rub him harder than that, and am glad that you did not; but what possessed you to pick up my glasses as soon as I laid them down?"

Jimmy smiled and said:

"I don't know, Judge Wilson, but the thought struck me that if I would throw a little humor in it, it would please the audience more and soften George's feelings."

"That's where you made a mistake, Jimmy. The laughter that followed will sting him for years. Mark what I tell you. It will rankle in his heart a long time, for a man can stand anything else rather than to be laughed at."

"Well, I never thought of that, your honor," said Jimmy.

The party who was on trial for some misdemeanor was acquitted, and Jimmy was among the first to shake hands with him in congratulation.

"Look here, Jimmy," said the prisoner, "if ever you are up for judge I'll vote for you. Yes, I'll fight for you, if any fighting is to be done."

"Thank you," said Jimmy; "but I never expect to be a candidate for the judgeship."

"Never fear. The people will nominate you, and I will keep it up to the very limit. But tell the truth, now, Jimmy, didn't the judge post you and tell you what to say?"

"Upon my word and honor, he did not. I was as much surprised as any of you at his letting



me speak. I had to do it to save George from having to pay five dollars fine. I happened to know that George is short of money to-day; but of course there were friends present who would have loaned him the money to pay the fine. I am really sorry, though, that the judge didn't let us fight it out. I believe I could have gotten the best of him, and I intended to pound him until he apologized; but I ought to be satisfied with the apology he has made already, for he acknowledged that the statement which he had made about my drinking was false."

"Well, Jimmy, I suppose we'll have to call you judge after this."

"The fellow who calls me judge will not be considered a friend of mine from that time forth."

"But some of them will be sure to do it."

"Yes, I'm afraid that they will; and what is more, some of them will make it hot for George by speaking of him as the prisoner at the bar."

Jimmy's apprehensions were correct.

Friends and foes alike were calling George "prisoner at the bar" downstairs already, and undoubtedly if Jimmy had gone down among them trouble would have followed.

When the other case was finished, Jimmy went downstairs among his friends, and many old farmers grasped his hand and called him "Judge."

George Williams himself walked up to him, shook hands with him, and said:

"Well, Jimmy, you had the advantage of me to-day, but my time will come as surely as the sun shines."

"All right, George; but I hope you will believe me when I tell you that it was not any of my doings."

"That's all right; but you rubbed me hard, and I'll get even with you if it takes me ten years. You've made some people believe that I was drunk, and if I was I'm not now. I only took two drinks, and they were small ones; and you know yourself that I can easily stand half a dozen drinks."

"Really, George, I don't know how many drinks you can stand; but you brought all the trouble on yourself. You struck the first blow, and I wish that the judge had kept out of it, for I intend to finish you."

"Oh, you did, eh? Well, perhaps you'll get a chance to do so yet. There is only one man in this county that I am afraid of, and that is Judge Wilson on the bench. Some time we'll meet outside of his jurisdiction, and then we'll have it out, and see which is the best man of the two."

"All right, George," Jimmy replied. "But you'll have to start the trouble, and when you do you will probably regret it."

"Jim Watson," said George, with a great deal of firmness, "I can lick you, and you know it."

"You are mistaken, George, I don't know it, and if you attack me again I will convince you of that fact."

## CHAPTER XI

### The Last Husking of the Season

When the crowd dispersed, after the adjournment of the court, George Williams was in an exceedingly angry mood, and all the way back

home in company with his friends he kept muttering to himself:

"I'll get even with him, and don't you forget it."

"George," said one of his friends, "don't be so hasty, for Jimmy will be expecting it and will be ready for you, so you had better let the matter drop where it is."

"I'll get even with him if it costs me my life."

When Jimmy reached home he found that the news had reached his mother about his speech at the court-house. She met him at the door with a smile on her face, and greeted him with:

"And so you are a judge, are you?"

"Oh, mother," he exclaimed, "have you heard it?"

"Why, yes. Everybody who has passed the house since the court adjourned had to stop and tell me about it, and more than a dozen of our neighbors said it would give them great pleasure to vote for you. I told them that they would have to wait a long time yet, as you were not old enough to be elected a judge."

"Well, I'm glad you did that, mother."

"Yes, you are old enough," exclaimed a voice in the room behind them, and the next moment Sally Holmes appeared, threw her arms around his neck, and drew him inside.

"Age is not at all necessary where a man has the good, hard sense that you have, Jimmy."

"Well, well, well," said Jimmy, hugging her up to him and kissing her. "So you have heard the story, too."

"Yes, I've heard all about it, and the one who told me isn't the best friend you've got, either; but he was honest enough to say that you made a splendid speech, and astonished everybody in the court-house; and that Judge Wilson paid you a high compliment when you finished; but tell me, Jimmy, why in the world did you put on the judge's big spectacles, which look almost like saucers on his broad face?"

Jimmy laughed in spite of himself, saying:

"Well, he took off his glasses, and laid them on the table right in front of me. I don't know how it came about, but the thought flashed through my mind that putting them on would be the proper thing to add a little humor to the thing, and I knew just how those big round glasses of the judge's would look on my face; so I made up my mind to look through them as seriously as possible."

"Well, Joe Smith said it made a great hit."

"Oh, so it was Joe who reported it, eh?"

"Yes, and he said that he thought he would burst his sides trying to keep from laughing as you looked down at George; and, Jimmy, I'm quite sure that George will never forgive you for it."

"No, I don't expect him to. He has already informed me that he will get even with me, if it takes him ten years."

"Well, dear," said Sally, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Oh, I'll tell him what to do," said Mrs. Watson. "I want him to go and swear out a warrant in Judge Wilson's court, have him arrested for threatening violence, and put him under bond to keep the peace. That's the law."

"Don't you do anything of the kind, Jimmy, dear, for everybody in the township will then say that you were afraid of George."

(To be continued.)



# Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, APRIL 13, 1928

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## INTERESTING ARTICLES

### MORE WOMEN TAKE UP FLYING; THREE ENROLL IN DAY FOR PILOTS

The marked interest in aviation among women was indicated at the flying fields here recently when three candidates signed up for courses in instruction in piloting at the office of the Curtiss Flying Service, according to M. M. Merrill, who is in charge of this work.

There have been an increasing number of inquiries lately about these lessons by women and girls, he said. Two of the recent candidates enrolled in the ten-hour and one in the fifty-hour course of instruction.

### POOR BABY'S CHANCE TO LIVE HELD SIX TIMES THAT OF RICH

Babies of poor families in Des Moines have six times as good a chance of living through their first year as those of the city's well-to-do, according to figures given recently in a report of the Des Moines Public Health Nursing Association.

Only 1 baby of every 100 in poor circumstances die before they reach the age of 1 year, according to the report.

The figures were declared "astounding" by Miss Edith Countryman, Director of the Public Health Nursing of the State Department of Health.

Education in hygienic methods is believed to be the reason for the difference in the death rates of the rich and the poor babies.

### "SPIRIT OF LOCARNO" IS CAST IN MEDAL BY FRENCH MINT

The spirit of Locarno is cast in bronze in a medal issued by the French mint.

It is the first of a series intended to commemorate great international events, most of which will be chosen around the central theme of world peace.

The face of the new medal shows a female figure of Peace with an olive branch, and back of her, across the medal, is the Locarno conference table, Briand and Chamberlain at one end, Stresemann at the other, with Mussolini stand-

ing reading his address. "Locarno MCMXXV" marks the date.

The reverse bears the Latin inscription "Mutua fide caritas generis humani restituitur," which might be translated "The love of humanity is being revived by mutual good-will."

## RULES ON STONE MOUNTAIN

The receivership and injunction suit brought against the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association to recover and to prevent further donations to the memorial project by the City of Atlanta and Fulton County, was dismissed in DeKalb County Superior Court recently.

Judge John D. Hutcheson held that his court had no jurisdiction over the City of Atlanta or Fulton County, both of which were made joint defendants in the injunction proceedings. He revoked temporary injunctions by which he had restrained the further donation of money by the city and county.

John I. Kelly, State Senator and of plaintiff's counsel, announced that his clients would file the suit in the Superior Court of Fulton County.

The suit was brought by five women as taxpayers of the City of Atlanta and Fulton County. It contended that the city and county had agreed to donate \$100,000 each to the memorial and that a portion of the money had been paid over. It was asserted that payment of tax moneys for such purposes was unconstitutional.

Statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY," published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1928, State of New York, County of New York:—Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Fred Knight, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of "FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY," and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and business manager are: Publisher—Fred Knight, 140 Cedar Street, New York, N. Y. Editor—None. Managing Editor—None. Business Managers—None.

2. That the owners are: Westbury Publishing Co., Inc., 140 Cedar Street, New York, N. Y.; Fred Knight, 100 per cent, 140 Cedar Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRED KNIGHT, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of March, 1928. Victor J. A. Schmier. (My Commission expires March 30, 1929.)



## THE HERMIT

Away up in the main range—the Sierra Madre—of the Rocky Mountains, twelve thousand feet above the sea, rests a little mining camp of some twenty or twenty-five rough log cabins. Right on the edge of timber line! Tall spruce pines below; bare, ragged rocks above. The cabins collectively is known as Mineral City. The mountainsides are seamed and ribbed with the rich silver veins of San Juan, and scores of cuts shafts and tunnels echo daily to the clang of drill and sledge as the hardly miners delve after the metallic treasures of these great storehouses.

Near the blacksmith shop, where the not unmelodious ring of drills and picks being sharpened is heard all the day and far into the night, a little cabin stands unobtrusively upon its rocky foundation.

The solitary owner and occupant of this little building was known throughout the camps as the "Hermit." Not, be it understood, because of his imitating those poor old beings of ancient story who dwelt in caves and fled at the approach of any one, but simply because he was a taciturn, quiet old fellow, who worked his mine alone, and, when joining the rest of the men about the fire in the saloon, always sought a corner, and rarely, if ever took a part in the conversation.

Mail came twice a week in Mineral City, and the saloon was the postoffice. Regularly upon the carrier's arrival the Hermit would join the crowd and listen, with an eager, expectant air, as the superscription of the various letters were read out by the saloonkeeper; and then, when the last missive had been reached, and either claimed or set aside, he would lower his head and slowly slip away to his seat at the corner of the fireplace, with never a word.

The boys had often debated upon writing a letter to the Hermit, for his continual expectation and regular disappointment touched them; but they argued that it would not be what he wanted, and so the idea was abandoned.

One day the mail came in and the Hermit was not there. This was so unusual that it led to considerable speculation among the boys. Then Roney, whose lead lay near the Alice, remembered that the Hermit had not been to work that day or the day before, and when night came on and the keg in the corner remained unoccupied, the boys concluded that investigation was necessary.

"Pards, I reckon the Hermit may be a leetle off, and might want help," said Georgia, "an' it sorter strikes me we might call in an' see."

As this met the approval of all the men, Georgia and Roney started up to the Hermit's little cabin. A dim light crept around the edges of the old flour sack that acted as a curtain for the little square pane of glass constituting a window, and, after consultation, the two messengers concluded to take a peep before making their presence known.

Georgia put his face to the glass and peered intently within.

The Hermit sat on the earthen floor enveloped in a torn and miserable blanket. His hat was off, and his long, gray hair was tangled and unkempt. His eyes, which Georgia could plainly see as he sat nearly facing the window, combined with their usual pleading expression a sort of feverish glitter, and the whole attitude of the man was one of despair. In his hands he held what appeared to be a photograph and an old letter, but he never moved his eyes from them.

The rest of the room that came within Georgia's field of vision betokened cleanliness, but at the same time extreme poverty for even that rough country. Georgia withdrew his head, and his companion took a look, after which they both retreated some little distance into the timber and paused.

"Let's see the boys about it," said Roney, and then they retraced their steps to the saloon.

The boys listened with interest to the report, and pulled their beards and scratched their heads in attempts to obtain a solution as to what ailed the Hermit. Many and various were the explanations given, and then they decided that Georgia and Roney had better go back and knock at the door, and inquire, at any rate, if anything was wrong; so, thereupon, the two once more started up the trail. They knocked—first softly and then louder—but elicited no response, or caused any show of life within, save the extinguishing immediately of the light.

"No use," whispered Roney; and, without further word, they left the little cabin and its solitary occupant, and joined their comrades.

The next day passed, and the next, and the Hermit gave no signs of existence. That evening the mail came in, and among the letters was one, in a woman's hand, for John Harmer, Mineral City, San Juan County, Colorado. There was not such a personage in the county, so far as the boys knew; but Georgia went to the Hermit's cabin, put his shoulder to the door, and, with as little noise as possible, burst the wooden button off that served as a lock. The next instant Georgia was in the room. The Hermit lay extended upon the floor, his face flushed and hot with fever, and his long, thin fingers nervously grasping and relaxing again the torn blanket on which he tossed.

"What's the matter, old pard?" said Georgia, as he raised the old man's head.

The fevered eyes slowly turned toward his face, the emaciated fingers opened, and the poor, lonely old fellow said, huskily:

"Don't tell her!"

"Who—tell who?"

"Alice—poor little thing—she don't know."

"Thinking of his folks in the States," muttered Georgia; and then tenderly and carefully he lifted the sick in his arms, and strode away to his own cabin. The news of the Hermit's sickness spread through the camp, and blankets and food came from all quarters for his use. The store was ransacked for the best that it could afford. A terrible slaughtering of mountain grouse took place, that rich broths might be made for the invalid.

One night Georgia sat smoking his pipe and musing. The owner of the letter had been found,



for in his ravings the old man often mentioned the name of Harmer, but the boys feared lest he should die without reading it, and this perplexed Georgia sadly. What was he to do with it, and might it not contain matters of importance? Had the old man any friends or relatives living, and where were they to be found? All these things and many more came flitting through his brain, and he did not hear his patient slowly raise himself in the bed and stare about him. The old man looked the room over, and then his eyes rested on the burly form by the fire.

"Georgia," he said.

"Why, pard, durn it—yer—yer getting better, ain't you?"

The old man smiled wearily.

"Tell me about it," he said.

Georgia briefly recounted the story of his illness, touching but lightly on what he had done, and laying great stress on the interest of the men.

"But now, old man, you'll soon be up and among 'em," he concluded with a cheerful laugh.

"No," said the old fellow, with the same weary smile, "but—but I thank you."

"Oh, nonsense—that's all right—you're only a leetle shock up, you know—it's natural, after being as fur down as you've been. You'll soon be all right—cheer up, and don't let your sand run out; besides, I've got a letter for you."

"Letter—for me?" and the old man's face lighted up with an eagerness that sent a tremor through Georgia's heart, lest the missive, after all, should not be for him. He got it, however, and gave it into the trembling hands.

"Yes—yes," said the old fellow, "it's her writing, I know—like her mother's. Oh how long it has been coming—but now——" and his poor weak, shaking hands vainly strove to open it.

"Let me," said Georgia, kindly.

The old man let him take the letter, and then said, suddenly, in a low, even tone, "Hold on, Georgia."

Georgia paused.

"Georgia," said the old fellow, looking him steadily in the eye, "you've been kind to me—very kind—and I've got nothing to snow for it—nothing but confidence. I'm going to tell you something, Georgia, and then—then you can read that letter, and you'll understand all the good news it contains."

He paused a moment and closed his eyes.

"Georgia, I was a likely sort of young chap years ago—not such a good-for-nothing galoot as I am now, and I married, Georgia—married the best of girls in old Pennsylvania I was mighty happy—too happy, pard—that's what made it go so hard when she died. We had one child—a little girl—and we called her Alice, my wife's name. She was a wee little thing when her mother died, and so very pretty. It was hard times on me, Georgia, and somehow I got ter drinking. I know it did me no good and I know it wasn't right, but a man doesn't reason much when he's desperate-like, and so I drank and drank. I sold out everything, and put my girl—my little Alice—with my wife's brother. He had a family of his own, and what could a lone, broken-hearted man like me

do for a dear little girl? Georgia, if they'd come to me and talked good and gentle they could have made a man of me, but they didn't. They wouldn't let me come into their house, and they said that I'd kill my wife by drinking. Georgia, it was a lie—a fearful lie. I never drank a drop till she died, and I wouldn't have done it then if I'd had any one to sympathize with me. But I hadn't; I was alone in the world—alone with my great grief, and——" and the old man's voice, and his poor, thin hands went nervously over the blanket, while two tears stole from his hot eyes and trickling down the pale cheeks, lost themselves in the gray hairs of his beard.

"Well, Georgia," he said, presently, "they got an order from the court giving the guardianship of my child—my Alice—to her uncle, because they said I was unfit to take care of her. Georgia, if but one kind word had been said—only one—I wouldn't have been the fool I was. Well, I left and came West. I stopped drinking. I have never touched a drop since Alice was taken from me. You believe me, Georgia?"

"Yes," said Georgia.

"After a while I wrote to her uncle, and I told him of my new life, and asked him if I couldn't at least write to my little girl. That was in '67, and she was ten years old. He took no notice of my letter."

"He's a ——" broke in Georgia, but suddenly checked himself before concluding.

"Then I thought perhaps he hadn't got it, so I got my money together and went East. But he had, Georgia; he had. It was no use, though. He wouldn't believe in me, and wouldn't let me see my little girl. He said she should never know but that he was her father, at least until she was of age. I tried the courts, but I spent all my money without changing the decree. Then I gave it up, and came back West again. I gained one thing, though. The judge said that when Alice was twenty-one she should be offered the choice of coming to me, her father, or remaining with her guardian. I had to rest satisfied, and I worked and worked to get money for my little girl. I scrimped some, Georgia, but there's nearly \$12,000 in the bank for her, now" and the old man's voice and manner were full of pride.

"She was twenty-one last June, and I've been waiting for her letter. I knew it would come. Oh, Georgia, if she only knew how I have worked for her, how I have waited, alone, but still working and waiting; but she has written now, and to-morrow, or next day, I must start East. We will be very—very happy together, and but read her letter—you know all, now," and the lids closed again over the fevered eyes, and the poor old man softly murmured, "Little Alice—Little Alice."

Georgia tore open the envelope and unfolded the letter, and the old man feebly drew nearer in joyful, happy eagerness.

"My uncle," read Georgia, unsteadily, "has informed me of your relationship to me. I have only to say that I regret that the man whose habits killed my mother should also bear the title of my father. I sincerely hope that the Almighty will pardon where we cannot."

Georgia turned towards the old man.

The Hermit was dead.



## BRIEF BUT POINTED

## CHOICE BOOKS AT AUCTION

T. Furman paid \$300 for a 1914 reprint of the Gutenberg Bible at a sale of choice books in the American Art Galleries recently. G. B. Doris got a collected set of first editions of the travel books of Sir Richard Burton for \$1.25. Arthur Swann paid \$260 for a copy of the first issue of the fourth edition of Chaucer, printed in 1561, and \$400 for a first edition of the poems of Keats.

## FAMOUS JAVA VOLCANO ACTIVE

The famous volcano on the Island of Krakatao, in the strait between Sumatra and Java, became active again recently. The sea surrounding the island rose and fell nine times. Thirty-seven local shocks were felt. Krakatao was active January 26 and February 21.

## MOVIE SLEUTH DOG SLEEPS AS BURGLARS RIFLE ICE BOX

As a police dog, Rin Tin Tin, canine hero of the screen, is a good movie actor.

Police learned recently that while the famous villain-chasing dog snoozed burglars entered the home of his mistress, Mrs. Lee Duncan, ransacked the ice box and made their getaway.

## CHARLEMAGNE TOWER IN TOURS COLLAPSES

The Charlemagne Tower, one of the sights of Tours, collapsed recently with a roar that alarmed the entire city. Two houses near the tower were seriously damaged and the streets in the vicinity blocked with debris.

No one was injured, because a large crack had been noticed in the tower and neighborhood streets were roped off and buildings within a radius of fifty yards of the tower evacuated.

The ancient structure, which formed part of the old Basilica of St. Martin, dated from the twelfth century. It was supposed to have been built over the tomb of Charlemagne's wife, Hildegarde.

## THAMES OVERFLOWS, ROUTS BOAT RACE CROWDS

Several hundred spectators of rowing races on the Thames between Putney and Hammersmith recently were forced to dash madly for safety when the river, which for several days had been threatening to overflow its banks, broke over the edge of the towpath and flooded varying small areas.

About 300, marooned on bits of higher ground, were rescued by boatmen.

There was a near panic near Hammersmith Bridge, where the crowd was dense and the water rolled inland without warning. Men shouted, women screamed and scores caught by the advancing tide waded to near-by houses or up side streets till they reached dry land.

Special sandbag defenses have been built along the danger spots on the Thames embankment in the heart of London, where the fatal flood occurred last January. At high tide at 4:15 re-

cently the water there was two feet above the level of the near-by streets, but the defenses were holding.

## RACING AHEAD OF FLOOD, TWO MEN SAVE TWELVE

Running ahead of ice-choked flood waters of the Wisconsin River, Dave and Henry Court recently warned twelve persons living on the Rocheleau and Mahar brothers farms of impending danger, just as the waters broke through an embankment.

The twelve persons, members of two families, took refuge in upper floors of their homes until they were rescued by a boat, brought on a truck from Biron.

The water was 12 feet deep in places.

## VATICAN ETIQUETTE SOFTENED, PARTLY THROUGH AMERICANS

While word comes from the United States that Americans are becoming more meticulous in respect to correct attire at formal ceremonies, American influence is credited with breaking down dress etiquette at the Vatican, at least for day ceremonies.

Notice that gentlemen must wear full evening clothes, white tie, black waistcoat and long tails still goes with invitations to attend morning functions in St. Peter's or the Sistine Chapel at which the Pope will be present, but many wearing dinner jackets or even dark business suits now gain admittance.

The American Legion's visit in September is credited with putting elasticity into the dress protocol. Most of the Legion men were traveling light and lacked long-tailed outfits. The Pope, anxious to show his esteem, received them in a group just as they were.

No Americans and others edge by the Swiss guards with hardly ever a challenge, dressed as they please, provided their attire is of no brighter hue than dark blue.

## LUMBER FROM WHITE HOUSE AUCTIONED FOR SOUVENIR USE

Several hundred feet of Virginia long leaf pine lumber which held the roof over the heads of the nation's Presidents for 112 years before a new covering was placed on the White House last Summer, is to be used in the making of souvenir gavels, plaques and furniture.

Auctioned here, the lumber brought as high as \$4 a linear foot, various quantities going to historical organizations. The American Institute of Architects bought some of the lumber and plans to make 58 gavels, one for each chapter of the institute.

Colonel U. S. Grant 3d, grandson of General Grant and Director of the Office of Public Buildings and Grounds, which had charge of the auction, has had two attractive pieces of furniture built of the wood.



## CURRENT NEWS

### VIENNA WILL TEACH CITIZENS HOW TO USE THE STREETS

Asserting that the native-born Viennese walk on the streets much after the manner of a flock of sheep, resulting in constant jams, the police authorities have just announced a "pedestrians' week" for early in April, when they will try to teach the public how to use the streets.

A large body of trained policemen will daily invade all the principal thoroughfares, detain the walking citizens and demonstrate to them how they must follow-on, cross, overtake and pass each other on the sidewalks and where and how to cross the streets.

### LAD A CITIZEN, BUT CAN'T RETURN

A fresh illustration of the importance of accurate birth registration has come to the attention of the New York State Department of Health. An Italian lad still in his teens who went to Italy with his mother some time ago now wishes to return to the United States, but has been denied a passport because certain apparent inaccuracies in his birth certificate make it difficult to prove that he is an American citizen, although he was born in New York State. The department has furnished a photostatic copy of the birth certificate, and has advised an appeal to the United States Consul. It urges more care on the part of physicians and registrars in making out birth certificates.

### STONE THEATRE TO BE BUILT FOR OBERAMMERGAU PLAY

A theatre built of stone and with a seating capacity of 4,500 will soon displace the present wooden structure at Oberammergau, Bavaria, where the Passion Play is held every decade. Whether the next series of performances will be held in 1930 or 1932 is not definitely settled, but the new structure will be opened whenever they are held.

A new building for dressing rooms for the 700 players in the drama will also be erected.

The total cost is estimated at \$72,000. A loan will be necessary to get funds for the construction of the two buildings.

Whether the tradition of having the stage in the open will be abandoned in the new plans has not been decided.

### MUSEUM INSTALLS STOOLS FOR ITS WEARY VISITORS

Weariness and tired feet will no longer be an excuse for not attending exhibitions at the Newark Museum. Stools for use while studying exhibits have been placed in the building. The stools are small, four-legged, square-topped stands. They may be transported by museum visitors to any part of the building "except out the front door." They are to be found in almost any part of the building and may be left wherever the visitor has finished with them.

The stools have had particularly hard usage during the exhibition of nineteenth century clothing and fashions now in progress at the museum. That exhibition reveals that scantiness of dress

was a "problem" even in 1829. A chronicler of a wedding of that time wrote: "All the clothes worn by the bride might have been put in my pocket."

### WATCH SALESMEN REAP HARVEST ON BROADWAY

Almost every day along Broadway hears the calls of the watch peddlers. Able talkers are these salesmen, with a "high-powered" sales speech in which they tell their listeners that the watches "have a Swiss movement and will go on sale in department stores next week for \$20." The peddler, always on the lookout for policemen, hurries through his rapid-fire talk and then his assistants in the crowd start to buy the watches. The crowd soon follows their example and the watches go fast.

After making his purchase the gullible buyer walks away and examines his "bargain," only to find that it is minus its most important part, the movement. Instead, it has a flimsy device that makes it sound like a stem-winder.

### SPAIN TAKES STRONG STEPS TO GET RID OF MENDICANTS

General Martinez Anido, Minister of the Interior and one of the strong men of General Primo de Rivera's Government, is determined to cure the pestilence of professional mendicancy which shocks visitors to the principal cities of Spain.

More than 400 of these "neverworks" have been netted by the Madrid police and sent back to the places of their birth, so that the streets of the capital will be comparatively clear for at least the time they need to find their way back.

Most of the mendicants in Spain are blind, but this does not mean that there are really more blind in Spain than in other nations. What happens is that they all go to the streets, where they can make a far better living from alms than from working at a trade in one of many asylums provided for their welfare.

### NIAGARA FALLS IS IMPROVING

Niagara Falls shows no tendency to cut so deep a notch that it might convert itself into a cascade. A report given by the Special International Niagara Board, appointed by the Governments of the United States and Canada, states that contrary to belief, the falls are broadening themselves and improving both in utility and appearance.

However, a recommendation was made by the board that works be constructed to distribute a more even water flow of both the Canadian and American falls. Such works would cost approximately \$1,750,000 and would remove those exposed shoals on the Canadian side. The American flow would be increased by weirs



# Fame and Fortune Weekly

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WESTBURY PUBLISHING CO., Inc.

140 Cedar Street,

New York City